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For the New-Yorker.

## THE DIVER,

A BALLAD—FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"Now who will venture—knight or page—
To plunge in the abyss,
And dare the roaring whirlpool's rage?
This golden prize be his,
Who brings to me again the beaker;
Thus I reward the daring seeker."

The monarch speaks, and downward throws
The beaker in the waves;
The billows o'er it darkly close,
And thunder through their caves.
"Who of ye all, I ask again,
Has the heart the golden prize to gain?"

But the knights and pages silently
The monarch's voice have heard—
They gaze below on the boiling sea,
And reck not the royal word;
And thrice the monarch loudly cries,
"Has none the heart to win the prize?"

But all is silent—all is still;
When lo! a youthful page
Obeys the monarch's royal will,
And dares the torrent's rage.
Full many a warrior and lady, in sooth,
Gazed, full of wonder, upon the youth.

He steps to the precipice's brink,
And looks on the torrent below;
And he sees from forth the awful sink
The vortex its billows throw.
While, with a roar like distant thunder,
The struggling waves are rent asunder!

And the billows howl, and roar, and hiss,
As when waters with fire unite!
And to heaven, from the dark abyss,
Mounts the foam, all sparkling white;
And it seems, in the terrible commotion,
As if the ocean gave birth to an ocean.

But see! for a moment the storm is spent,
And black through the snowy foam,
Behold in the rock a yawning rent,
Deep, dark as a demon's home;
And through the hideous tunnel, behold!
The glistening billows are downward rolled.

Now quick, ere the surge returns, the youth
A hasty prayer doth pray,
And horror bursts from every mouth,
For the whirlpool hath borne him away;
And over the desperate swimmer's head
The waters murmur, hoarse and dread.

'Tis death-like still above—around,
But below howls the torrent fell;
While trembling accents faintly sound—
"Adventurous spirit, farewell!"
The thundering surge appalls the sense,
As they wait in shuddering suspense.

And if below your crown you 'd fling,
And say—"Be his the meed,
Who wins, to wear it and be king,"
There 's none the prize would heed!
The secrets of yon awful cell
No living human tongue shall tell.

Full many a ship that surge has cast
Below to a dismal grave,
And many a shattered keel and mast
Float on that greedy wave.
While far along the sounding shore,
List to the rising tempest's roar.

And the billows howl, and roar, and hiss,
As when waters with fire unite;
And to heaven, from the dark abyss,
Mounts the foam, all sparkling white;
And, with a roar like distant thunder,
The waves again are rent asunder.

But through the darkness, suddenly,
Lo! something swan-like white:
An arm and a glancing neck they see,
Opposing the whirlpool's might:
'Tis he! 't is he!—and with joyful eyes
He bears on high the golden prize!

He comes in triumph through the ring,
And lowly bends the knee.
To his lovely daughter then speaks the king—
"Now fill the cup for me!"
She fills it with sparkling wine to the brink,
And the monarch loudly bids him drink.

And the youth exclaimed—"Joy! joy to those
Who breathe in the rosy light!
But fearful things yon depths disclose
To him who tempts their might!
Wo! wo to those who rashly dare
The dark and mystic veil to tear!

"The torrent bore me ligtning-swift
On its foaming waves away;
The whirlpool rushed from the yawning rift,
Contending for the prey!
Down, downward I was madly hurled,
By the raging vortex dizzily whirled!

"Yet God had not his aid withheld:
He had heard my hasty prayer,
For a jutting rock my eyes beheld,
And I grasped impatient there;
And by the rock where entranced I clung,
The beaker upon the coral hung.

"Far under me opened, dark and deep,
The terrible chasm's jaw;
The ear was bound in eternal sleep,
But the eye with horror saw
The dragon monster's hideous brood
All slowly creeping beneath the flood.

"A dismal crowd through the waters green
My shuddering senses mark:
The bristling roach, and the haberdine,
The ray, and the ghastly shark;
He oped his jaws with threatening motion,
That foul hyena of the ocean!

"And awful thoughts my soul opprest,
Which bitterly did groan,
To be the only feeling breast
'Mid those dreadful things alone;
Far, far from the sound of the human tongue
Was the lonely rock where entranced I clung.

"The grisly shark towards me moved,
And his greedy eyeballs rolled;
But the hideous fish my saviour proved,
For I loosed my slippery hold,
And the torrent tore me swift away,
And bore me again to the light of day."

Then full of wonder stood the king,
And cried—"The cup is thine!
And here, behold! this precious ring,
The costliest that is mine;
And to your meed this gem I throw,
If once more you descend to the caverns below."

But the princess to the monarch came,
And prayed, with tearful eyes—
"Oh, father! enough of the fearful game—
He has gallantly won the prize;
But if still a desperate feat you need,
Let a knight surpass a page's deed."

But the monarch suddenly seized the cup,
And flung it again in the sea:
"Now bring me once more that beaker up—
My trustiest knight thou 'lt be;
And the lovely princess at your side
Shall clasp you to-night as your blushing bride."

His words the page's soul inspire,
As he looks on the lovely maid;
His eyes are flashing with noble fire—
Her glance has his toil repaid;
And burning to win so bright a wreath,
He plunges below, for life or death.

They hear the surges' heavy swell,
And feel the whirlpool's shock;
The foaming waves they see full well,
As they thunder past the rock;
And the billows rush wide over the main,
But none restore that page again!

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For the New-Yorker.

## DOWN-EAST NOTIONS—NO. I.

Our Country.—Of a truth, are we *not* the strangest people under heaven! Hardly a month goes by without some outbreak of popular violence, or some high-handed encroachment upon the chief citadels of our strength, which in any other country would be downright Revolution—leading to civil war, trials for high treason, the marching of armies and the setting up of scaffolds. Within the last year, for example, what have we not passed through, as a people? Half a dozen convulsions, which any where else on earth would have resulted in the overthrow of 'princedoms, dominations, thrones.' We suspend specie payments throughout the land—one of the most alarming measures ever heard of in our day. And what is the consequence?—Wars and fightings? mobs and riots? the rising of the people, and the overthrow of a government—as it would be in Europe, if the convulsion were not stayed with the bayonet, or out-clamored by the roar of artillery? No such thing! Complaints we have, and suffering we have, and mobs and riots we have, but from other and very different causes. Thousands of our high-spirited merchants are overborne and crushed in the progress of the devastation; and we are threatened with a national bankruptcy. And what then?—Why, in a few months, the hearts and countenances of men brighten up; their cruel sufferings are forgotten—their enormous sacrifices; the clamor dies away; our credit is reëstablished throughout the world—it stands higher than ever—and then, at last, another event happens, which, in any other country, would have convulsed the land through its whole length and breadth. It happens so quietly, that nobody knows of it. I allude to the return to specie payments! Anywhere else it would have been celebrated by bonfires, and illuminations, by processions and speeches, and manifestoes, and state papers. Here, though it was talked about, and clamored about for months beforehand—still, when it did take place, it was literally as the leaves fall after a hard frost—in silence. Yet no operation ever did, or can occur, short of a thorough change in the Constitution of a State, of a nature more trying, more dangerous, or more certainly calculated to disturb the slumbering passions of the great multitude, than this suspending all the operations of business, by a change of currency; it matters little whether it be by an adulteration of the current coin, a suspension of specie payments, or a substitution of gold and silver for a paper medium. In the Old World such things are only to be done at the point of the bayonet; and it would be more dangerous at this moment for the Emperor of all the Russias to tamper with the currency of his great Empire than it would for Peter to cut off the beards of his subjects and make them dress like Christians—an experiment which had well nigh cost him his head. The result is, that we, as a people, are not to be judged of, either at home or abroad, by any of those maxims which have struck root in the fortified camps of Europe, miscalled States and Kingdoms. Were we in the midst of Europe, a revolution would follow many of our commonest enterprises—

such, for example, as that of invading a neighbor's heritage with a mob of ignorant, headlong and presumptuous ruffians, just for the fun o' the thing. Were certain of the States of Europe, on the contrary, to take our place, and be as free from hostile and jealous neighbors as we are, these things might happen to them with correspondent safety. Once more then, let us not be judged by the standard of Europe. We are another people, and must be tried by another law. Just imagine how the people of Great Britain would bear to be told that the National Treasury was bankrupt, or that certain *defalcations* had happened, which would amount to the entire earnings of every man, woman and child in a large district, for a whole year. One and a quarter million of dollars amount to a *tax* of a hundred dollars each, on every man, woman and child in every town the population of which does not exceed twelve thousand five hundred souls—*a tax which must be paid.* And yet we have no revolution here when such a thing happens: but few hear of it, and nobody cares for it. Are we not a '*peculiar people?*'

Old Age.—It is a good sign for a man to think better of others as he grows older. It proves that he is growing better himself. More childlike and *trusting*, he is therefore more *trustworthy*.

Money.—Money is a tool. Suppose any man, or any set of men should take it into their heads to monopolize all the screw-augers and foreplanes, the gimblets and gouges of the carpenter; all the sledges and rasps and vises of the blacksmith—of what avail would they be to the monopolist, or the *capitalist* if you like, so long as they were *unemployed?* If he cannot *use* them, he must hire them out to others who can, else they are no better than the stones in the street. Strange that wealthy accumulators do not acknowledge this; stranger still that they do not see it; and still more strange that the blacksmiths and joiners, and the men who want money and know how to use it, should ever be seriously frightened at the locking up of their tools for a time—and it must be only for a time—by any man or any set of men, whether it be the result of a panic or a conspiracy.

Vergiss Mein Nicht!—One of the earliest lessons for a child, and certainly one of the latest for a full-grown man, or woman, of any age, ought to be this: That we are placed here to stand or fall; 'to suffer or to triumph;' to rule or serve—and *that*, all our lives long; and though it may often happen that we are called upon to do both and all by turns, still there is a predominant and prevailing course in the life of every human being, which sets him up *for life*, and establishes him for ever, in the one class or the other. Choose betimes, therefore. Study your own character, and choose betimes, whether you will serve or sway, prevail or yield, lie down and perish as the beasts perish, or stand up in the original integrity of man's nature—steadfast in your faith, steadfast in your hope, and brimful of a generous and hearty confidence in the future. Let it be understood by all, that from his birth man must, in the very nature of things,

'*Amboss oder hammer seyn*'—

*the anvil or the hammer be.* But stop! let me refer to the original, where the same ideas are more worthily expressed by that glorious old German, Goethe:

'Geh! gehorche meinen Winken
Nütze deine jungen Tage,
Zerne zeitig klüger seyn:
Auf des Glückes grosser Wage
Steht die zunge selten ein;
*Du musst steigen oder sinken,*
*Du musst herrschen und gewinnen,*
*Oder dienen und verlieren,*
*Leiden oder triumphiren,*
*Amboss oder hammer seyn!*'

And is it not so? Must we not learn to be wise betimes—or, more literally if you will—a timely prudence? Is it not true, that we must rise or sink—rule and win, or serve and lose—suffer or triumph?—*the anvil or the hammer be?* The alternative may be a hard one at the best; but who, all things considered, would not rather be the hammer than the anvil—the thumper than the thumpee?

Common Sense.—Within the last year or two, Common Sense appears to have greatly enlarged her empire. There are signs not to be mistaken—wonders full of encouragement. President Wayland's Political Economy, and Henry Carey's two books on Wealth and Wages, together with the new system of Banking, first projected in Maryland, though first established in the 'Empire State,' and followed by Georgia, are, taken together, enough to bring about a revolution as complete as the world ever saw within the best five years in our whole system of finance and commercial enterprize. And why?—Just because they are Common-Sense views; and after a time, when the multitude are weary of *overlooking* whatever they happen to be in search of, they will be turned to with astonishment and joy—and it may be with a little self-reproach—that ever such books or such doings should be necessary to bring men back to a true sense of their condition.

The North-Eastern Boundary.—Governor Kent has just put forth a Message on the subject of the North-Eastern Boundary, which will be regarded hereafter, and at no very distant day, as one of the ablest and worthiest state papers of our day. It is indeed a manly affair—temperate, firm, and self-sustained. Thus far his measures have been bold, generous and frank, and, what is more, successful. The Nation has begun to wake up, to rub her eyes and look about her, wondering what all this down-easterly trumpeting was good for—what these Northern lights portended. The great men of the Nation, instead of regarding it as a question about a few thousands of 'dirty acres,' more or less, in which the State of Maine happened to be somehow or other interested; and peradventure Massachusetts—old Massachusetts—a State as capable of bearing and forbearing as any other, to say the least of her courage and her patience—now begin to perceive and to acknowledge that it is a question of transcendant importance to *the whole country;* and that, for twenty reasons not worth enumerating here. The Message is hardly in print, however, before we get the news from over sea that a proposition has been made for an exchange of territory, which, upon the face of it, appears to be fair enough. But, considered as involving great Constitutional questions and rights—the correspondent obligations of *allegiance* and *protection;* the interchange, not of opinions and acres merely, but of subjects and citizens—giving away our brethren, body and soul, to a foreign power having no sympathy for them, and receiving in their stead the subjects of that other power having no sympathy with us—the proposition, it must be admitted, wears an aspect not altogether so fair, since what the British Parliament may do with ease, the American Congress may not do at all, even with the consent of Massachusetts and Maine, perhaps; and a refusal to accept such a proposition, therefore, might operate to our prejudice abroad, where the reasons would not be inquired into, or, if inquired into, would be either misunderstood or misrepresented. Still, as it may be done, by individual transfers and purchases, if by no other means, so as to permit an exchange of jurisdiction over the territory and not over the bodies and souls of men, we do most heartily hope that the plan referred to will be adopted and carried into execution forthwith; and what if it should open a communication between the British possessions, and expose our Eastern borders in case of war—would not even that be better than a long continued and exasperating strife, growing fiercer and fiercer every year, and ending at last in what we are so anxious to avoid—*open war?*

*Portland, January,* 1839. J. N.

What is Poetry.—A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of eternity! It lives in all created existences, in man and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influences of love and affection, in the quiet broodings of the soul over the memories of earlier years, and in the thoughts of the glory that chains our spirits to the gates of paradise. There is poetry too, in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the rainbow, the wave, the lightning, and the star; its cadence is heard in the thunder and the cataract; its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand-voiced harps of the wind, the rivulet, and the forest; and the cloud and sky go floating over us to the music of its melodies. There's not a moonlight ray that comes down upon stream or hill; not a breeze, calling from its blue air-throne to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through midnight rains its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring; not a cloud bathing itself like an angel vision in the rosy blushes of autumn twilight; nor a rock, glowing in the yellow starlight, as if dreaming of the Eden land, but is full of the beautiful influences of poetry. It is the soul of being. The earth and heaven are quickened by its spirits; and the heavings of the great deep in tempest and in calm, are but its secret and mysterious workings. Louisville Lit. News Letter.

From the Knickerbocker for January.

## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Time still moves on, with noiseless pace,
And we are loiterers by the way;
Few win, and many lose the race,
For which they struggle, day by day;
And even when the goal is gained,
How seldom worth the toil it seems!
How lightly valued, when obtained,
The prize that flattering Hope esteems!

Submissive to the winds of chance,
We toss on Life's inconstant sea:
This billow may our bark advance,
And that may leave it on the lee;
This coast, which rises fair to view,
May be thick set with rocky mail,
And that, which beetles o'er the blue,
Be safest for the shattered sail.

The cloud that, like a little hand,
Slow lingers when the morning shines,
Expands its volumes o'er the land,
Dark as a forest-sea of pines;
While that, which casts a vapory screen
Before the azure realm of day,
Rolls upward from the lowland scene,
And from the mountain-tops away.

Oh, fond deceit! to think the flight
Of time will lead to pleasures strange,
And ever bring some new delight,
To minds that strive and sigh for change.
Within ourselves the secret lies,
Let seasons vary as they will;
Our hearts would murmur, though our skies
Were bright as those of Eden still!

From the Yale Literary Magazine.

## DE WITT CLINTON.

Prominent among those who have won a title to our gratitude by uniting an expansive benevolence to a single-hearted patriotism, stands De Witt Clinton. Born of a father who gained a high rank in the continental armies, and who sustained in his native State no inconsiderable share of civil and judicial honor, he early imbibed all that hatred of tyranny which burned in the heart of his military parent. Scarcely had he left the university which he graduated at the early age of seventeen, with the first distinction as a scholar, than he was invited by his uncle, George Clinton, then Governor of New-York, afterwards Vice President of the United States, to become his private secretary. This post, inconsiderate in itself, introduced him to many of the leaders of both parties—a contact which fixed his choice of a political life, and afforded him an opportunity to study the characters of many who at a later period became no less zealous in plucking away the pillars of his own administration than they were now vigilant to uphold the power of his venerable relative. We find him in 1797 a member of the Assembly of New-York, from which body he was transferred, the succeeding year, to the Senate. Here he was distinguished for the same calm eloquence, the same unwavering support of the interests of humanity, science and benevolence, which marked his career upon the wider theatre of the United States Senate, where he appeared at that well known period which witnessed the ascendency of Mr. Jefferson and his characteristic democracy. The colleague of Gouverneur Morris, he is remembered rather for a thorough knowledge of the subject of our foreign relations and domestic policy than for any brilliant exhibition of forensic power. But if he did not excel, he did not fall below mediocrity; and his sober and temperate reasoning, clothed in a lucid style, and uttered with the unaffected sincerity of conviction, gave a weight to his demonstrations which more than counterbalanced the efforts of those who dealt in splendid invective and dazzled by an ornate delivery.

To those who estimate talent by the glitter and pomp of official station, and gauge their interest in the progress of public characters by the sphere which they filled, it may be a matter of surprise and disappointment that Mr. Clinton should have confined his exertions principally to his own State. If any serious reply were needed to sentiments like these, we might point to the diminutive states of Athens and Lacedemon—to the free sovereignties of Italy and Switzerland, as furnishing statesmen and legislators with whose names the Czars of all the Russias and the jeweled and titled embassadors of His Most Christian Majesty of Prussia could not purchase with their or their master's dominions that theirs should be linked. Nay, we might ask, who was Demosthenes, that we should care to know of his exertions and eloquence and success in behalf of that little sterile promontory of Attica, whose absence the mariner would hardly miss from the Egean. No: our admiration is not for Demosthenes the Athenian; we forget distance and locality; the champion of freedom swells and dilates before us—the battle-axe which he wields is wielded in her defence; and as at last he falls beneath the multiplied blows of domestic venality and tyranical aggression, we hang the cypress about the broken shaft of Liberty, and bid the pilgrim to Greece—go worship *there*. With feelings kindred to those we follow Mr. Clinton [illegible]

native State, the future scene of his mature and grand exertions. We see him as Mayor of New-York and Judge of the Municipal Courts, tempering the severity of law by the decorum and clemency of the magistrate—extending the privileges of enlightened justice to all classes and to every religious faith, despite the prevailing tone of illiberality and exclusiveness. The bosom friend of Emmet, he could not see the web of the law drawn around those who had been hunted from their homes by a pampered pack of court minions. Accordingly we find him in the State Senate advocating and at length gaining a generous toleration of Catholics—a measure of justice that New-York was the last to adopt, overawed as her councils had been by those whose wealth and political importance, instead of elevating them above the prejudices of the vulgar, seemed the more to bind them to the bigotry of establishments. Nor should his efficient and substantial agency in promoting the negro emancipation in his own State be forgotten; the happy results with which it has been attended bespeak as well his political foresight and wisdom as the humanity and benevolence of his nature.

But it is from the Canal policy, of which he is acknowledged the father, that De Witt Clinton is most favorably known, and upon which is based his proud title of public benefactor. It would be misplaced here to detail the opposition, the mingled storm of political hate, of personal ridicule and contempt which followed the first stages of this enterprise, or the mean, disingenuous artifices which attempted to stop it half-executed, and to divert from those who had fostered it into being those full streams of praise which a vision, now unsealed, saw were rolling towards them. There is not in our history—rife as it is with examples of men who have gained an honored name by hewing down difficulties which hedged in their efforts—there is not to be found such an array of opposition on the one hand, and such unwavering courage and sustained faith on the other, as were presented in the prosecution of this favorite work. Mr. Clinton, by a singular unanimity, had succeeded to the office of Governor. Each party had persuaded itself that in forgetting his political faults they had acted from disinterested motives; and it was not until he had distributed his executive patronage that he found he had obtained the suffrages of both only to gain the distrust and denunciations and opposition of each. They had only put the toga of peace *over* the armor of party strife; and, unseated with office, they determined to glut their vengeance by the destruction of their now common foe. Arguments were not wanting to arm those natural prejudices which ever exist against works which, from their magnitude, seemed designed for the benefit of posterity. It was indeed no slight enterprize for a population of nine hundred thousand souls, and of limited resources, to undertake; many of whom, also, conceived it their interest to check an improvement promoted at the common expense, yet calculated to increase the resources of a particular section. But Mr. Clinton recoiled not from this formidable battery of talent, ridicule and partial interest. He saw at once the practicability and advantages of the proposed work; he saw New-York rising under its influence to *deserve* the proud title which has since been conferred upon her—he saw the Union enriched and strengthened, its various parts knit into compactness and harmony.

Ten years ago, and Mr. Clinton was sitting in his private library; his eye, skirting the prospect which heaved so rich and varied around him, rested in satisfaction upon the basin which discharges the waters of the lakes into the Hudson.—Three summers had witnessed the flow—the storm of party had sunk to the zephyr of praise, and the men who had cursed his madness were teaching their children to speak of his virtues. Four times had he received from his fellow citizens the highest State dignity, and once been recommended by the electoral college of New-York for the office of President of the United States. He had triumphed over the fury and power of faction; and the temporary ascendency of his enemies in 1823, which effected his removal from the Board of Canal Commissioners, only displayed the malignity of their prosecution, and called to his rescue the justice and gratitude of a State that he had ennobled and blessed. As recollection stirred within him the events of a thirty years' life of political action, and brought into view his participation in numerous benevolent and scientific associations, many of which, formed by him, were pushing their researches and blessings into remote quarters, his countenance glowed with an irradiation of mingled benevolence and conscious integrity. It was the last beam of parting life, which, in a moment, settled upon the marble and placid features of the dead. Spontaneous and general was the feeling of loss; the task of pronouncing his eulogy was claimed by his warmest political opponents; and he who had never concealed his political opinions while living, was canonized and claimed by all parties.

It was a late remark of the greatest living statesman of England, himself the best illustration of its truth, that 'the true test of a great man is his having been in advance of his age.' Measured by this standard, Mr. Clinton will be entitled in no common degree to claim a rank with those whose wider celebrity is due rather to a more prominent station than to the greater comprehensiveness and utility of their conceptions. His plans were not of that day-dream character which accident sometimes distorts into reality, even to the surprise of the inventor: they were the results of a mind too thoroughly disciplined by habits of study to be content with crudities; too long trained in the severe logic of courts to mistake an interested partiality for correct deduction, or to hazard a novel system, unfortified by demonstration. What he broached he investigated; and he possessed that consciousness which rarely accompanies far-reaching views, that intuition is not a gift of the majority of minds, and that it is the lot, as it constitutes the glory, of truly great plans, to be unappreciated by one, and that one the present generation. To him New-York is indebted for her two great characteristic features—internal improvement and a complete digest of law—both of which, at that time novel, are now too common to raise a passing admiration.

We should not pardon ourselves did we fail to advert to another leading trait of his character—a trait which, more than any other, gives animation and interest to his eventful life. It is the just misfortune of our native State to be distinguished for strictness of party organization and discipline. The efficient subserviency of a powerful press—the pliancy of individual will to certain prescribed dicta, encouraged by a necessity which establishes among a great number of expectants a gradation of hopes as well as of office—both acting upon that unlimited power of suffrage which, established as a balance to the prejudices of wealth, gives the widest latitude to the prejudices of ignorance and interest—these had lent a sanction to political creeds highly incompatible with that best gift of a free government, liberty of thought and action. Conscious of the most liberal views, Mr. Clinton scorned to sacrifice his independence to the dictation of others. He flung away from him the shackles which party men, crowding around, eagerly offered; he stepped out of their abashed circle, and appealed to the justice, the intelligence and magnanimity of the people. Let the reiterated and triumphant support which responded to that appeal encourage the timid and reassure the wavering statesman; and let a loftier ambition than that of being a leader of a party, that of originating and sustaining works of growing utility, animate those who, like Clinton, would outlive the petty notoriety of office and the undistinguishing oblivion of those who, sneering at his independence, have sunk too low to be honored even with the contempt of posterity.

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From the Knickerbocker for January.

## THE DINNER OF THE MONTHS.

Once upon a time, the Months determined to dine together. They were a long while deciding who should have the honor of being the host upon so solemn an occasion, but the lot at length fell upon December; for, although the old gentleman's manners were found to be rather cold, upon first acquaintance, yet it was well known that when once you got under his roof, there was not a merrier or more hospitable person in existence. The messenger, too, Christmas Day, whom he sent round with his cards of invitation, won the hearts of all; although he played several mad pranks, and received many a *box* in return. February begged to be excused coming to the dinner, as she was in very bad spirits, on account of the loss of her youngest child, the twenty-ninth, who had lately left her, and was not expected to return for four years. Her objection, however, was overruled; and being seated at table between the smiling May and that merry old fellow October, she appeared to enjoy the evening's entertainment as much as any of the company.

The dinner was a superb one, all the company having contributed to furnish out the table. January thought, for the *thirtieth* time, what he should give, and then determined to give a calf's head. February, not being a very productive month, was also a little puzzled; but at length resolved to contribute an enormous cake, which she managed to manufacture in fine style, with the assistance of her servant, Valentine, who was an excellent fellow at that sort of ware, but especially at bride cake. March and April agreed to furnish all the fish; May to decorate the dishes with flowers; June to supply plenty of excellent cider; July and August to present the dessert; September a magnificent course of all sorts of game, excepting pheasants; which exception was supplied by October, as well as a couple of hampers of fine home-brewed ale; and November engaged that there should be an abundance of ice. The rest of the eatables, and all the wine, were provided by the worthy host himself.

Just before sitting down to table, a squabble arose about precedence—some of the company insisting that the first in rank was January, and some that it was March. The host, however, decided in favor of January, whom he placed in the seat of honor, at his right hand. November, a prim, blue-nosed old maid, sat at his left; and June, a pleasant, good-tempered fellow, although occasionally rather too *warm*, sat opposite him, at the end of the table.

The dinner was admirably served. Christmas Day was the principal waiter; but the host had been obliged to beg the attendance of some of his guests' servants, and accordingly, Twelfth-night, Shrove Tuesday, and Michaelmas Day, officiated in various departments: though Shrove Tuesday was speedily turned out, for making rather too free with a prim, demure servant maid, called Good Friday, while she was toasting some buns for the tea table.

A short, squab little fellow, called St. Thomas's Day, stood behind December's chair, and officiated as toast-master; and much merriment was excited by the contrast between the diminutive appearance of this man, and the longest day, who stood behind June, at the other end of the table. Master Thomas, however, was a very useful fellow; and beside performing the high official duty which we have mentioned, he drew the curtains, stirred the fire, lighted and snuffed the candles, and like all other little men, seemed to think himself of more importance than any body else.

The pretty blushing May was the general toast of the company; and many compliments were passed upon the elegant manner in which she had ornamented the dishes. Old January tried to be very sweet upon her, but she received him coldly. January at length ceased to persecute her with his attentions, and transferred them to November, who was of the same politics as himself, although she had not been quite so successful in supporting them. Poor May had scarcely got rid of her venerable lover, before that sentimental swain, April, began to tell her that he was absolutely dying for her. This youth was one moment all sunshine, and smiles, and rapture, and the next he dissolved in tears, clouds gathered upon his brow, and he looked a fitter suitor for November than for May, who, having at last hinted as much to him, he left her in a huff, and entered into close conversation with September, who, although much his senior, resembled him in many particulars.

July, who was of a desperately hot temper, was every now and then a good deal irritated by March, a *dry* old fellow, as cool as a cucumber, who was continually passing his jokes upon him. At one time, July went so far as to threaten him with a prosecution for something he had said; but March, knowing what he was about, managed to keep on the windy side of the law, and to throw dust in the eyes of his accusers. July, however, contrived to have his revenge; for, being called upon for a song, he gave 'The Dashing White Sergeant' in great style, and laid a peculiar emphasis upon the words '*March, March away,*' at the same time motioning to his antagonist to leave the room.

April having announced that it was raining hard, January was much perplexed as to how he should get home, as he had not brought his carriage. At one time, when he was looking very anxiously out of the window, to discover if there were any stars visible, October, at the suggestion of May, asked him if he thought of borrowing *Charles's wain* to carry him, as he had done so great a kindness to its proprietor? This put the old fellow into such a passion, that he hastily seized his head gear, a red cap, sallied out through the rain, and would most likely have broken his neck in the dark, had not February sent her footman, Candlemas Day, after him with a lantern, by whom he was guided in safety to his lodgings in Fog Alley.

On the retirement of the ladies, February, May, August, and November, the host proposed their healths, which were drunk with the usual honors; when April, being a soft-spoken youth, and ambitious of distinction as an orator, began to return thanks for them, in a very flowery speech, but was soon coughed down by December and March; and March, by the by, at length got into such high favor with his old enemy, July, that the latter was heard to give him an invitation, saying, that if ever he came to his side of the zodiac, he should be most happy to see him. October told the host that, with his leave, he would drink no more wine, but that he should be glad of some good home-brewed, and a pipe. To this December acceded, and said he should be happy to join him, and he thought his friend March would do the same. March having nodded assent, they set to, and a pretty *puffing* and *blowing* they made. April, however, continued to drink Madeira, while June, July and September stuck with exemplary constancy to the Burgundy.

After repeated summonses to the drawing-room, they joined the ladies at the tea table. November drew herself up, and affected to be quite overpowered by the smell of smoke, which March, October and December had brought in with them; although it was well known that the old lady herself could *blow a cloud* as well as any of them. August, a grave, stately matron, of extraordinary beauty, although perhaps *un peu passée*, officiated as tea-maker. Good Friday, who by this time had recovered the fright into which Shrove Tuesday had thrown her, handed about the toasted buns; and Swithin, a servant of July, was employed to keep the tea-pot supplied with water, which he too often did to overflowing.

Tea being over, the old folks went to cards; and the young ones, including October, who managed to hide his years very successfully, to the piano-forte. May was the prima donna, and delighted every one, especially poor April, who was alternately smiles and tears during the whole of her performance. October gave them a hunting song, which caused even the card tables to be deserted; and August sang a sweet, melancholy canzonet, which was rapturously encored.

At length, Candlemas Day having returned from seeing old January home, his mistress, February, took leave of the company. April, who was a little the worse for the wine he had drunk, insisted on escorting November, although she had several servants in waiting, and her road was in an opposite direction to his own. May went away in her own carriage, and undertook to set June down, who lived very near her. The road was hilly and steep, but her coachman, Ascension Day, got the horses very well to the top; and July and August both walked home, each preceded by a dog-day, with a lighted torch. September and October, who were next-door neighbors, went away in the same hackney-coach; and March departed as he came, on the back of a rough Shetland pony.

### STANZAS TO A LADY.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON.

THE hand that prints these accents here
Was never clasped in thine;
Nor has thy heart, with hope or fear,
E'er trembled back to mine.

And yet, from childhood's early years,
Some being like to thee,
Unseen, amid my doubts and tears,
Hath sweetly smiled on me.

And oft, in dreams, I 've twined the wreath
Above her eye of flame;
Then listened, if some bird might breathe
The music of her name.

And oft have vainly sought to trace,
Amid the fair and young,
The living type of this sweet face,
On Fancy's mirror flung.

But, in its unresembled form,
The shadow dwelt with me,
Till unperceived, life-like and warm,
It softly fell on thee.

Then into substance passed the shade,
With charms still more divine,
As on thy face its features played,
And lost themselves in thine. Knickerbocker.

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From Grant's Sketches in London.

### QUEEN VICTORIA'S OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE opening of a new Parliament by the Sovereign in person, is, at any time, an interesting circumstance, and never fails to attract a large concourse of persons, not only to the vicinity of the Parliament House, but to every part of the line of procession. The interest of such an occurrence was, on this occasion, greatly hightened by the circumstance of this being not only the first Parliament of the Sovereign, but of that Sovereign being an amiable female of the tender age of eighteen. Loyalty and gallantry, therefore, both combined to draw out the population of London on the occasion of Victoria's opening her first Parliament in person. And as has hitherto been the case, on all the occasions in which our young Queen has appeared in public, the weather on the day in question was propitious in the highest degree. Under all these circumstances it is not to be wondered at if the assemblage of persons who greeted Victoria with their plaudits on her way to and from her Parliament, was far greater—as I am convinced it was—than were ever congregated together under similar circumstances. I have witnessed the openings of several Parliaments by the Sovereign in person; but the concourse of people on such occasions was nothing to what it was on the present. From Buckingham Palace to the Horse Guards there were two unbroken lines of persons as closely wedged together, ten or twelve deep, as it was possible for them to be; while from Charing-cross down to Arlington-street, a distance I should suppose of about half a mile, the broad pavement on either side exhibited one dense mass of human beings. It is hardly necessary to say that the windows and tops of the houses, and every spot which could command a glimpse of the procession, were most thickly tenanted. In the fronts of most of the houses in Parliament-street, scaffoldings were erected, many of which were let out, while others were confined to the accommodation of friends. Palace-yard, again, exhibited one dense mass of cabs, coaches, carts, wagons, and vehicles of every kind, which were also let out for the occasion; and many a Jehu made a much more profitable couple of hours' work by letting out his vehicle in this way, than he could have done by driving about in the streets from morning to night with ordinary 'fare.' To compute, with any thing like confidence of being near the mark, the number of persons who on the 20th of November were assembled together to get a glance of their young Sovereign, is what no man would undertake to do. Forming a rough conjecture on the subject, I should say it could not have been much under 200,000.

So early as twelve o'clock, the interior of the House of Lords was nearly filled by Peeresses and their daughters; by one, it was quite full; and so great was the anxiety to obtain a view of the Queen while opening Parliament, that even the gallery of the House of Lords was filled with the female branches of aristocratic families by twelve o'clock—all, as in the body of the House, in full dress. Lady Mary Montague gives a graphic description of the siege which a troop of Duchesses, Countesses, and other titled ladies, laid to the door of the gallery of the House of Lords when, in her time, some interesting debate was expected; and how, when they found, after a ten hours' assault, the gallery was not to be taken by storm, they succeeded in effecting an entrance by stratagem. The ladies, in the present case, were not under the necessity of attempting an entrance into the gallery by sheer physical force; for they had, in most cases, procured a Lord Chamberlain's order of admission; but several of them effected an entrance by the persuasive eloquence of their pretty and fascinating faces, accompanied by a few honied words, which the officers could not resist; and which no man, possessed of an atom of susceptibility, to say nothing of gallantry, could, had he been in the officers' places, have withstood. But this was not all: not only did a number of ladies who had no order of admission from the Lord Chamberlain, meet with this wonderful facility of entrance; but some of them carried the joke still further, and actually took forcible possession of the front seat in the gallery. which is always especially and exclusively appropriated for the gentlemen of the press. This seat is capable, on an emergency, of containing, including a back form, about thirty persons, and yet only three reporters were fortunate enough to obtain admission; and even they, but for the accidental circumstance of having taken possession of their places the moment the door was thrown open, would also have been among the excluded. And what does the reader suppose would have been the consequence? Why, none other than this: that not one word of the important proceedings in the House of Lords, on the opening of the Parliament by the Queen—beyond a copy of the speech, which is always sent from the Government offices to the newspapers—could have appeared in next day's papers. Let the public imagine what an 'untoward affair' this would have been, and be thankful that three gentlemen of the press were so fortunate as to secure their places in the gallery. The alacrity which the ladies displayed in possessing themselves of the seats set apart for the reporters, was truly astonishing. Philosophy tells us that nature abhors a vacuum, and that whenever one is created, she rushes in to fill it up. I am not myself philosopher enough to know with what expedition nature fills up such vacuums; but this I know, that she could not be much more prompt in her movements than were the ladies in filling up the vacant seats intended for the gentlemen of the press, on this occasion. The three reporters already referred to, when they saw the rush of the ladies to take possession of the unoccupied seats, felt, in the first instance, inexpressible surprise; but on recovering themselves, the predominant feeling in their minds was one of gratitude to their stars that they had been fortunate enough to possess themselves of their places. There they sat for two long hours, amidst a large assemblage of the fairest of the fair, literally hid from the sight of those who were lucky enough to get a peep into the House from the door, by a forest of waving plumes of feathers of the richest kind. By one o'clock the House had an appearance which, I am convinced may be said with truth, it has seldom, if ever, presented before. The whole of the benches on the floor and the two side galleries, were occupied by the female portion of the families of the Peers, all attired in their costliest and most magnificent dresses. I will not attempt to describe the effect produced on the mind of the spectator by the dazzling splendor of the jewellery they wore. Altogether the spectacle was perhaps one of the most interesting of the kind ever witnessed in this or any other country. I have been in the House of Lords at the opening and proroguing of several previous Parliaments by the Sovereign in person: but on no former occasion was there any comparison with the scene in question, either as regarded the number of ladies present, or the imposing and brilliant aspect the place presented.

A little before two o'clock a discharge of artillery announced that her Majesty was on her way to Parliament. The first round startled many a 'lady fair,' as might be seen by the sudden and somewhat ungraceful nodding of so many plumes of feathers; but the momentary surprise over, every countenance beamed with joy at the thought that a Sovereign of their own sex would in a very little time be seated on the splendid throne before them. A short time passed away, and the striking up of a band of music on the outside, announced the near approach of her Majesty. A few moments more elapsed, and the thrilling tones of the trumpet intimated that Queen Victoria, though as yet unseen, was proceeding along the passage to her robing-room, and would be in the midst of them presently. That was a moment of intense interest, and it was visibly depicted in every countenance. Every eye momentarily expected to gaze on the youthful Queen, attired in her robes of state. In a few seconds more Victoria entered the House. The Peeresses and all present simultaneously rose, while every breast throbbed with exultation at the sight of their Sovereign. It was a sight to be seen, not to be described. The most lively imagination would fall far short of the reality: how fruitless, then, were any effort to attempt to convey any idea of it by mere description!—There stood. in the presence of their young and interesting Sovereign—all emulating each other in doing homage to her in their hearts as well as outwardly—the Peers and Peeresses of the land! It was a touching sight; it was a sublime spectacle; it was one which will never be forgotten by those whose happiness it was to witness it.

Her Majesty having taken her seat on the throne, desired the Peers to be seated. The intimation was known to be equally meant for the ladies. The Commons were then summoned into the royal presence. The summons was forthwith followed by a scene which strongly contrasted with that to which I have been alluding. There is a proverb, which is current in certain districts of the country, that some people are to be heard when they are not to be seen. The adage received a remarkable illustration in the case of the representatives of the people, on this occasion. No sooner had the door been opened, in obedience to the mandate of the Queen, which leads into the passage through which they had to pass, on their way to the bar of the House of Lords, than you heard a patting of feet as if it had been of the hoofs of some two or three score quadrupeds. This, however, was only one of the classes of sounds which broke on the ears of all in the House of Lords, and even of those who were standing in the passages leading to it. There were loud exclamations of "Ah! Ah!" and a stentorian utterance of other sounds, which denoted that the parties from whom they proceeded had been suddenly subjected to some painful visitation. All eyes—not even excepting the eyes of her Majesty—were instantly turned toward the door of the passage whence the sounds proceeded. Out rushed, toward the bar of the House of Lords, a torrent of members of the Lower House, just as if the place which they had quitted had been on fire, and they had been escaping for their lives. The cause of the strange, if not alarming sounds, which had been heard a moment or two before, was now sufficiently intelligible to all. They arose, from what Mr. O'Connell would call the mighty struggle among the members, as to who should reach the House of Lords first, and by that means get nearest to the bar, and thereby obtain the best place for seeing and hearing. In this mortal competition for a good place, the honorable gentleman exhibited as little regard for each other's persons as if they had been the principal performers in some exhibition of physical energy in Donnybrook Fair. They squeezed each other, jammed each other, trod on each other's gouty toes, and 'punished' each other, as the professors of the pugilistic art phrase it, in every variety of form, without the slightest compunctious visiting. Hence the exclamations—in some cases absolute roars—to which I have alluded. The most serious sufferer, so far as I have been able to learn, was one of the honorable members for Sheffield, who had his shoulder dislocated in the violent competition to be first at the bar. Even after the M. P.s were fairly in the presence of their Sovereign, there was a great deal of jostling and jamming of each other, which extorted sundry exclamations indicative of pain, though such exclamations were less loud than those before alluded to. The Irish members played the most prominent part in this unseemly exhibition; and next to them the English ultra Radicals: the Tories cut but a sorry figure in the jostling match. The Liberals were, as the common saying is, 'too many for them.' I thought with myself at the time, what must the foreign embassadors and their ladies who were present, think of English manners, should they unhappily form their notions on the subject from the conduct on this occasion of the legislators in the Lower House? It was a rather awkward exhibition for a body of men arrogating to themselves the character of being 'the first assembly of gentlemen in Europe.'

Her Majesty having taken the oath against Popery, which she did in a slow and serious, yet audible manner, proceeded to read the royal speech; and a specimen of more tasteful and effective elocution it has never been my fortune to hear. Her voice is clear, and her enunciation distinct in no ordinary degree. Her utterance is timed with admirable judgement to the ear: it is the happy medium between too slow and too rapid. Nothing could be more accurate than her pronunciation; while the musical intonations of her voice imparted a peculiar charm to all the other attributes of her elocution. The most perfect stillness reigned through the place while her Majesty was reading her speech. Not a breath was to be heard: had a person, unblessed with the powers of vision, been suddenly taken within hearing of her Majesty, while she was reading her speech, he might have remained some time under the impression that there was no one present but herself. Her self-possession was the theme of universal admiration. Nothing could have been more complete. The most practised speaker in either House of Parliament never rose to deliver his sentiments with more entire composure. Nor must I omit to mention, that the manner of her Majesty was natural and easy in the highest degree: the utter absence of art or affectation must have struck the mind of every one present.

The speech being ended, Victoria descended from the throne, and with slow and graceful steps retired from the House to her robing-room, a few yards distant; nodding as she did on her entrance, to most of the Peeresses whom she passed. In person she is considerably below the average height. Her figure is good; rather inclined, as far as one could judge from seeing her in her robes of state, to the slender form. Every one who has seen her must be struck with her singularly fine bust. Her complexion is clear, and has all the indications of excellent health about it. Her features are small, and partake a good deal of the Grecian cast. Her face, without being strikingly handsome, is remarkably plensant, and is indicative of a mild and amiable disposition. She has an intelligent expression of countenance; and on all the occasions—three in number—on which I have seen her, has looked quite cheerful and happy.

On the conclusion of the Queen's speech, both Houses adjourned, as is usual on such occasions, till five o'clock, when they again met to discuss the royal oration, and to consider the propriety of voting an address to her Majesty, expressive of the gratitude of the legislature for her most gracious speech.

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STANDING ARMIES.—The largest standing army in the world is kept up by the Chinese: it amounts to 1,260,000 men. Russia has 650,000 men continually under arms, and France 310,000. The army of Great Britain is upward of 90,000.

From the London Monthly Miscellany.

## TO *****

BY T. K. HERVEY.

THE breezes of my youth are gone;
There comes no winged gale,
To waft a wandering breath or tone
From boyhood's blessed vale.
I travel by another star,
Beneath a weary load,
And thoughts that followed long and far
Have fainted by the road;
And Fancy—if she names that vale—
She speaketh low, and looketh pale!

I learn to smile when I should weep;
The cold, dim world hath thrown
My passions into icy sleep,
And turned my heart to stone—
Along whose chill, grey surface spread,
And read by memory's ray,
Inscriptions to the early dead
Make desolate its day;
And pale Regret, with streaming hair,
Sits, ever, like a mourner, there!

But, in that silence of my soul,
New thoughts arise—arise;
Sweet murmurs through my spirit roll,
And whisper of the skies!
I feel fresh breezes at my heart,
That bring, from richer bowers
Than rocked my youth—to heal its smart—
The breath of sweeter flowers;
And Hope—who names them in mine ear—
*She* looketh glad, and speaketh clear!

I *know* not of that pleasant land,
But feel that it is nigh,
Where I shall find them hand in hand—
The lost ones in the sky!
The floating weeds and birds that met
The wanderer's bark, at sea,*
And told that, fresh, and *new*, and sweet,
A world was on his lee,
Are like the hints of that high clime
That hail me, on this sea of time.

And oh! by all these tokens given,
How bright that land must be!
Thanks for those messengers of heaven;
But most of all—*for thee!*
No dream of those far fields have I,
But thou art wandering there;
Thou canst not meet me in the sky
With smile more fond and fair.
Oh, "some"—in this dim world of cares—
"Have sat with angels, unawares!"

*Columbus.

From Blackwood's Magazine for December.

## THE ONYX RING....BY ARCHÆUS.

(Continued from the New Yorker of Jan 6.)

### PART II.—CHAPTER I.

HASTINGS was lying on some straw, under a canopy of blankets and canvass, with a gipsy man and two or three boys beside him, when he was roused by a rough voice exclaiming, "Come, my lad, if you want to see this job, you must be up and stirring." He then remembered that before his lying down he had settled to accompany some of the men of the party, who were in league with smugglers, for the purpose of helping to land and run a cargo, which, owing to the shortness of the nights, was at this season a difficult undertaking. The party consisted of four men besides Hastings, and it was evident, from their tone and manner, that he had contrived to obtain their entire confidence. They walked for two or three miles at a swift pace till they came out upon the further side of a high bank, from which the dark line of the sea was faintly visible between two cliffs. Here they climbed up a steep ascent, covered with brushwood, at one side of the road, and remained still for ten minutes, till their leader whispered, "Hush—all right," and pointed out a light down below them, apparently from a cottage window. They then crept along a path above the road for a hundred yards, till they reached a point where they again clambered down upon the highway, and after crossing it moved on in a field towards a stile, where they all passed into the orchard of a farm-house, and found there at least fifty men assembled for the same object. Hastings percieved, by the sounds from a neighboring barn, that it was full of horses. There was a good deal of whispering among the men, and they evidently expected at every moment to receive the signal for rushing to the beach. The gipsy leader felt his way, with his followers, along the orchard hedge—for in the shadow of the trees it was pitch-dark—until they reached the house, where he spoke to a man who stood leaning against the door-post. Hastings could not catch much of the conversation, but found that they were disputing about him. Suddenly the gipsy took him by the hand and pulled him towards the entrance, when the other said, "Come in, then," and opened the door. The gipsy and Hastings followed him, and found themselves in a low unfurnished room, with a candle on the floor. The man, who was tall and bulky, and dressed as a farmer, looked at Hastings, and said, "Who are you?" Hastings answered that he he was nothing but a wanderer for amusement, who had known much of gipsies in his time, and continued to make friends with all he met. The man looked at him with a sharp but quiet eye, and said, "Well. I dare say you are honest, but you are running in the way of mischief that does not consern you. Go up here, and make no disturbance."

So saying he opened a small door, at the foot of a narrow staircase, and held the candle to light the way up. Hastings saw that resistance was useless, and walked up the stairs till he found himself in another small room, where there was hardly a trace of light.

He heard the door locked at the bottom of the stair-case. Feeling about him, he found that there was no furniture within his reach; and his next object of interest was the window. Through this he saw the grey line of the sea and the mass of cliff on one side, but could distinguish nothing more. The waves were plainly to be heard beating at regular intervals on the beach. He had not spent five minutes in the room when he heard a whistle and then a swift trampling of men and horses, and the whole throng seemed dashing downwards to the shore. Then came a pistol-shot, and then several, and then a roar of voices. The rush sounded as if returning nearer to the farm-house. Again some scattered shots were fired, and now Hastings thought he distinguished the voice of an officer giving orders. Here the tumult approached close to him, and it flashed upon his mind that if the smugglers should retreat, and he be found in their head-quarters, his position as a gentleman and a naval officer would be very disagreeable. He, therefore, forced open the window, leaped out at a venture, and fell among a crowd of people, spraining his leg so violently as to give him severe pain. There were many voices loud around him, and clamor and curses expressed the astonishment that his fall had occasioned. But he had sufficient presence of mind to ask for help in the gipsy speech, and the consequence was, that one of his former companions recognized him, and called another to his assistance. Between them they lifted Hastings up, and carried him off at full speed through the retreating hurly-burly. The king's men still hung upon their rear, and prevented them from relaxing in their pace. But most of the loaded horses had gone on before, and the remainder now dispersed in different directions as the roads opened on either hand. Still a body of more than a dozen men held together about Hastings, and twice his bearers were relieved. The pain now became so sharp that he begged they would leave him at the first house. Two or three of the leaders consulted for a moment, and then they all went on again in silence for a quarter of an hour. It was now twilight, and Hastings could see that they stopped at a small gate, which they opened, and followed a short brick-paved path up to the door of a respectable house. They seated him on the bricks at the door, with his back against the door-post, knocked violently to rouse the inmates, and they all ran off.

Their alarum succeeded, and in a few minutes a servant came to the door and opened it, accompanied by her master, wrapped only in a dressing-gown. When he saw a man lying at the door in the weak light of dawn, he inquired who he was, and what was the matter. Hastings told his name, and said that he was a friend of Sir Charles Harcourt, had met with an accident, and was in so much pain he would beg to be taken into the house, and to be allowed to reserve his story for another time.

The gentleman said that his name was Musgrave, and that he was the clergyman of the parish, and promised to do all in his power to relieve the sufferings of the stranger. He helped to carry him in and lay him on a bed, and, on hearing of the injury to the limb, sent for the nearest surgeon. He, on his arrival, pronounced that the recovery was likely to require several days, during which the patient must remain where he then was. He also ordered the proper applications. After he was gone, Mr. Musgrave earnestly assured his new guest that he was most happy to have an opportunity of assisting any human being in distress, and that he need be under no uneasiness as to remaining there so long as it should be convenient to him. Hastings was now a little more at ease, and could thank him for his kindness, which he gladly accepted.

### CHAPTER II.

Mr. Musgrave was an unmarried clergyman, whose whole look and manner bore the impress of devotion. Delicacy, purity, gentleness, fervor, were combined in his countenance with a shade of pensive melancholy. A thin ascetic-loooking face, a high narrow forehead, a slight and bending figure, and a demeanor of the most careful politeness; over these was thrown an air of abstraction, which kept him apart from intimacy with any circle of society. The Bible was the world he lived in, and from it he looked out into the actual world as we look from the earth into the dim atmosphere, or from an island over the sea.

Hastings felt himself, he knew not why, rebuked in the presence of Musgrave, although the clergyman spoke to him but little, and that with the most courteous and even friendly good-will. But, while the traveler felt that his host had no sympathy with his pursuits or character, he perceived in him an elevation and self-denial which made it impossible to regard him as an inferior, insensible to some higher kind of excellence. He did not attempt to speak on religious, or, as Hastings would have termed it, professional topics. But it was obvious that nothing local and temporary interested him strongly, and yet that his mind was most fully strained by perpetual thoughts of momentous importance.

It was, of course, by his care that, on a small table beside the bed, there was a Bible laid. When, some hours after the arrival of Hastings, he came to pay his guest a visit, he laid another volume beside the Scriptures, which, on subsequent examination, appeared to be a Prayer-book; and after he was gone, a servant, who came in with refreshments, added a third book, which the patient found to be a volume of Hymns. In weariness and listlessness he took up this and opened it at the following verses, which he read through, and which seemed to him so strange that he then went through them a second time. But the impression which they made on him was that of a perplexing and enticing riddle, rather than of any definite meaning which he could fully grasp.

"See, through nature's blackest night,
Shines a more than sunny light!
God, a man by human birth,
Comes to die for man on earth.

"Shouts of joy and songs of love
O'er the captive sound above;
Forth from evil's hopeless prison,
Man is raised, for Christ has risen.

"Mount, then, up, my soul, to God,
Soar from off this earthly sod;
Mount to God beyond the skies,
Christ risen, and bids thee rise.

"Fly this dreary stormy shore;
Rise where Christ is gone before;
Fear not God himself to see,
Christ, his image, lives in thee.

"Face to face, O Father, now
Frowns no more thy starry brow;
Why should we our Maker shun,
Now thy life and ours are one?

"Men may dare thy light to scan;
By thee sits the Son of Man:
Men may soar to highest Heaven,
God as man to earth is given.

"Thou to us in Christ art come,
Come to call thy children home;
Thou in him hast left the skies,
But that we in him may rise."

The dreaming and monkish oddity of these thoughts struck him as quite unlike any thing he had known among intelligent men, and led his thoughts away to the Parsees and Santons of the East, and to one or two strange old fragments of Christian hymns which he had heard under picturesque and impressive circumstances in Spain and at Jerusalem. Something unusual, he knew not what, seemed clinging to him, and he felt half relieved, half interrupted by the entrance of Sir Charles Harcourt, to whom Musgrave had sent tidings of the traveler's condition. He had now to shape his story as plausibly as he could, in order to avoid unnecessary ridicule from his friends. A midnight ramble with the gipsies he could not but acknowledge, and his reputation for hare-brained adventure was well enough established to make any thing of the kind credible. Sir Charles promised to send him books, and to come to see him. But Hastings could not help fancying that, under an exterior of the most amicable politeness, his friend was inwardly laughing at him. He felt pleased at his departure, and said to himself, "With all his taste and fashion, he is but a poor lady-like creature."

In the afternoon Musgrave came again to see him. The hymn, and the fancies it had suggested, were seething in his brain, and he felt a little stronger interest than before in the clergyman who sat beside his bed and asked if he could render him any service. Hastings thanked him, and said, "No." He then closed his eyes, and added, "It seems to me very strange that I should be here now, with you sitting by me. The last time I was laid up it was by a wound received in a lion-hunt among the Caffres. I was confined for three weeks in one of their huts, and attended by a copper-colored girl, who had never seen another European. She sang to me the songs of her tribe in a low droning voice, and told me stories of their chases after the cameleopard and the rhinoceros. She spoke of their charms against snake-bites and poisoned arrows, and of the powers of their Amakiras or witch-doctors. Then she brought me drink in a calabash, and morsels of broiled antelope, and fanned me with a fan of leaves. Even now, when I shut my eyes, I can hardly help fancying that I am a stranger in that African village, and when I hear a step at a distance, I have before me for a moment the image of that poor savage girl, though few European footsteps are as light as hers." Musgrave seemed interested, and asked him about his travels, which Hastings spoke of with eagerness and vivacity. While he talked it seemed as if the round green world were spinning under him, while he occupied some starry post, and looking down described each country at the moment that the real map revolved beneath his eye. Cities, nations, landscapes, races of animals, seas of islands, fleets, caravans, and adventures, arose, and shifted, and passed away like dreams.

When he paused, Musgrave looked upward, and then at him, and said in a subdued voice, "In any of your travels, Mr. Hastings, did you ever find peace of mind?"

He was silent for a minute, and then replied, "No, I never sought it; I should not know what to do with it if I had it. But I found ever-varying, never-ceasing excitement, and I suppose that is as much as earth can furnish."

"As much indeed," said Musgrave. "For peace we must look elsewhere."

"To heaven?" asked the other.—"No doubt. But while in this state of existence I take the best that it can supply, and that is movement, change, exertion, enjoyment."

"If we have not something of heaven here, I fear we can hope for but little of it hereafter. Peace and life are not at war with each other, but each in the highest sense requires and includes the other. Perhaps this is a kind of truth of which in all your travels you have not experienced the reality."

"Certainly I have never managed to be asleep and awake at the same time."

"Well, if I took your own illustration, I should say that the true peace of the spirit of man is not to be found when it is the slave of its dreams, but when it is the lord of its thoughts. And this is also the state in which it is most conscious of enjoying the deepest and fullest life. But I will not trouble you with disputing. I only wish that you would believe that there is one region of human existence in which you have not yet sufficiently traveled, and which is not the meanest or poorest."

Neither desired to continue the conversation, and Musgrave soon again left Hastings to himself.

## CHAPTER III.

That strange hymn continued to float around the pillow, and the image of the clergyman perpetually returned to him. The traveler felt, that in Musgrave's deep and fervent sincerity of devotion, there was a kind of power by which he had never before been influenced. So, in bodily suffering, in mental disturbance, and in discontent at his own inaction, his life went on from day to day. Sir Charles Harcourt sent him the books he had promised, which were new and fashionable novels, and took no hold of his mind. Musgrave passed with him an hour or two daily, and he never could shake off the impression made by his manner and language. When he found this image wearisome, he could not rid himself of it as he had been used to do when any thing annoyed him, by shooting out into action, for he was confined by his injured limb to the room he had been first placed in. Vexed and fretted at a stillness so unlike his usual life, he became at last thoroughly impatient. One day he gave vent to his feelings in words of something like displeasure, while speaking to Musgrave. The clergyman's pale cheek colored slightly, and, as was his fashion, he paused for a moment before he spoke. He then said to Hastings that he feared his society was burthensome, and begged his pardon if it were so, but assured him that he had been in the habit of visiting him only in hopes of being in some way useful or agreeable. The patient felt much ashamed at his own folly, entreated forgiveness, earnestly thanked Musgrave for all his kindness, and begged him to continue his visits as often as might be convenient to him. Indeed, he added, his host's company sometimes gave him a kind of strange obscure pleasure, such as he had never but once before experienced.

"Nine years ago," he said, "I was traveling in Armenia, and the night fell while I was examining some noble ruins on the banks of the Araxes, with the peak of Ararat in view before me. I secured my horse in a nook of the decayed and shattered buildings, and lay down beside him for the night, when I heard at a great distance the sound of men's voices singing a hymn, which, to my present recollection, had much the rhythm and tone of one that struck me in your hymn-book. The singers were, doubtless, monks engaged in their evening devotions. I rose and went a few paces in the direction of the sound to listen, when I saw a figure moving among the ruins, as if coming towards me, from the river. As he drew nearer, leaning on his staff, I saw by the moonlight that he much resembled pictures I have met with of Saint Joseph, the husband of Mary. When close at hand, he looked at me intently, and I felt that I had never seen so venerable a being. He then addressed me in the Armenian tongue, of which I had learnt something from the Mekhitaristes of San Lazaro at Venice, and he said, 'My son, thou seekest many things on earth; but the one thing which thou needest thou seekest not; else wouldst thou find it with less journeying.'

"'And what,' I said, 'Father, is that?'

"'Peace.'

"'Hast thou then found it?'

"'If I knew it not, then, like others, I should not believe in its existence. Farewell. Remember the measure of the divine song thou hast but now heard; and remember me.'

"He turned away, and in a moment was hidden by a massive pier. The feeling that his presence gave me I have never since experienced till I met with you."

Musgrave seemed much surprised and confused at this remark, but they parted for the night in very friendly terms. It was now the close of the week which Hastings had spent in a bodily inactivity hardly ever known to him before. That evening he spent, hour after hour, in reviewing the innumerable images of the past, which floated before him, and sometimes in forming plans for the future. At last it was deep night, and he heard the clock of the neighboring church strike twelve. The last stroke had scarcely trembled away over the churchyard when he recollected the destiny to which he was subject, and saw standing before him, in the brightness of reality, the different beings in whose lot he had so lately shared —Edmonstone—Harcourt—Wilson—and, lastly, Hastings. As in none of these had he been perfectly happy, and as little in his last character as in any of the former ones, he remembered, at the same time, that the power of the ring was not ended, and with little hesitation he breathed upon it, and named the name of Musgrave.

## CHAPTER IV.

Musgrave went through the duties of his station with an exemplary zeal and devotion. But his heart was in his solitude, where in private study, meditation, and prayer, he cherished the mild and musing temper of an eremite. The world that he outwardly lived in lay at a distance from his apprehension; nor was he ever truly at ease and joyous but when he felt himself in an imaginary heaven conversing only with visionary beings and the transfigured personages of sacred story, or lost in the flaming beatitude of prayer and praise. He was respected, and even beloved by his parishioners, but as a creature of another race, a chance visitor to them from a different state of existence. They thought of him less as a better and wiser man, with a true and warm, but ennobled human heart, than as a seraphic phantom breathing always some celestial air, and having, instead of life-blood, an immaterial spirit.

He performed, however, his Sunday duties with meek and graceful fervor, and the worst and most embruted of those who heard him, at least carried away the impression that he was a sincerely good and godly man. The next day, as indeed almost every day, he spent some hours in visiting different members of his flock. The cottages of the poor opened very various prospects of human life, which, as such merely, had to him but little meaning. In all the best, as much as in the worst, he saw only illustrations of the futility of all human efforts, except those which tend to an ascetic and mystical isolation. What interest they excited in him arose from his habit of regarding them, not as men, but as embryo angels. He did not speak their language, nor enter into, though he compassionated, their struggles and sufferings. The gross and violent heard his exhortations like a faint aerial music, sweet and sublime, but remote from all which they valued or dreaded. The better and more thoughtful were bewildered, by feeling that they did not understand or sympathize with him, and that all which they found in religion of present support and comfort for their practical life, was to him but worthless, if compared to his ideal longings and meditative communion with heaven.

After another day or two, he visited the poor-house, where he found a motley collection of young and old, all more or less in some perverse or unhealthy state. Old age in all varieties of feeble, fretful imbecility; diseases of many and hopeless kinds, palsy, deafness, dumbness, blindness, idiocy; the maimed, the ulcered, the bed-ridden, the deformed, the doting; orphans, whom love had never approached; widows, from whom it had forever fled away; the broken in fortune, once rich; the loathsome, once beautiful; the relics, rags, ashes, and garbage of our human life, still invested with gastly human semblances, all decayed and worn out; and sepulchral shadows of what once was man, all stunted, abortive, despised modes of young existence; all these were here; and each a melancholy portion of a hideous whole. The old and infantile were mixed together, but the aged received no duteous reverence, and the children were regarded with no tender watchfulness. There was a certain dull tranquility enforced by power; a chill orderly sufficiency of physical necessaries provided by routine; a discipline and economy directed to no higher than an outward end, and animated by no affection. The whole was an image of evil kinds, compressed, indeed, and frozen, and benumbed by mere superficial pressure, leaving only the consciousness of unrest and pain, but ready, had the weight been removed, and the machinery for a moment relaxed, to burst out in explosions of rage, hatred, horror, and despair. Here sat an old man, once a wealthy farmer, whom drunkenness had made a pauper, and whose only child, a daughter, had been betrayed by poverty into fatal corruption, and had died an outcast. He looked downward with dim, inflamed eyes, still occupied by the vision of an intoxicated draught which he could no longer procure. There the widow of a shop-keeper, whom her fierce passions and self-will had goaded to the grave, sat in sullen dignity, dressed with some pretension to superior refinement, and brooding on the injustice of the fate which consigned her to such society. Scoffs and fury, when she happened to speak, were the burthen of all her language. She had hoarded for twenty years a single pound to purchase a handsomer funeral and better attendance than were provided at the expense of the parish. Among those about her were the worn-out drudges who had toiled as the wives of laborers now dead; and the men whose choicest recollections were of years long gone by, when they enjoyed the night of poaching and the ale-house riot. There was the cobbler, disabled by incurable headache, and half-crazed by ill-health and fanaticism, whose sense of the woful present was every now and then brightened by a flashing dream of a golden and vermillion New Jerusalem, and by the assurance of his own immeasurable spiritual superiority to those who required moral conduct of a Christian, and who had ever been at school. For he was a self-taught theologian, and was even ingenious in his absurdity. Beside him sat the soldier, with one leg and one arm, whose gayest phantasms were of the town he once helped to sack, and of unstinted brandy. Children, moping over some heart-cankered attempt at free and happy sport, slunk in corners and made their presence known chiefly by an occasional quarrel and shriek. One woman of seventy, who had appeared since ten years old destitute of every faculty but the purely animal ones, now at last, while the clergyman was reading a chapter of the Scriptures, suddenly woke up at the names of Ruth and Naomi, and began to mutter, in language which she had not used for more than half a century, an account of the last gleaning in which she had shared as a child with her mother. She died before she could be carried into another room. In the midst, however, of this strange and disordered society, some members of it appeared to enjoy all the happiness of which their poor mutilated natures were now capable, and some eyes of the lighter and more joyous temperaments twinkled with unquenchable good-humor.

In this dreary confusion, where it seemed that Orpheus might have sung, and almost that Moses might have legislated, in vain, the benevolence and faith of Musgrave glanced by and vanished without a trace. One glow-worm under the coal-black vault of night, a single candle in the largest, deepest mine, is not more ineffectual. Some, indeed, derived, from his soft and delicate ministrations, a purblind sense of something like good-will towards them existing somewhere; and even this was a blessing. But he felt himself a wanderer into a region which he did not understand, and where he had no hope of ever finding a solid resting-place for his foot. The butterfly among the rocks of Caucasus might as well have dreamt of sweeping down before its silken wings the crag on which the Titan groaned in vain.

## CHAPTER V.

Musgrave had twice seen Elizabeth, the daughter of farmer Wilson, in the first week after her return, and now towards the close of the second he sat again beside her bed. Maria Lascelles, who was now no longer a visitor at Sir Charles Harcourt's, but living at her uncle's house, a good deal further off, had found out the dying woman, and was with her when Musgrave entered, but then rose and went away. He found the sufferer penitent, resigned, and hopeful, and he felt that she comprehended him better than most of those whom he conversed with. She had grown rapidly weaker, and nearer to her end, and expected her very speedy departure from the body. She was propped up by pillows in the bed, and her mother sat beside her on the opposite side from the clergyman, and attended to all her wants. Musgrave had his back to the window, through which a bright evening light flowed in and fell upon her wasted haggard face, and upon the shrunken hand that lay near him on the bed-clothes. She spoke to him of Maria, and said, "That lady is a great blessing to me; she reads and talks to me for hours, and her visits are like those of a young prophetess. She enters strangely into all I feel, though she can never have had any thing like it in herself. And when I say any thing of this kind to her, she only answers, that we have all much the same things in our minds if we would attend to them properly."

"It must be a great pleasure and advantage to you to have such a friend."

"Oh! Indeed it is so, sir. I think she has done more good than any one I ever knew. She sees so well what kind of help I want, and she always trys to make me feel how real and awful our sins are, and then points out how great is the blessing of being relieved from the burthen of them. Oh! she is a good young lady!"

Musgrave listened with much interest, but thought it right right to turn the conversation more directly on Elizabeth's own state. He expatiated on the happiness of a future life, the perfect freedom from sorrow and trial, and the luminous and ethereal kind of existence which is all we can imagine of a perfectly spiritualized life in the unclouded presence of God. She listened with some pleasure. But, though checked in expressing herself, as the poor so often are, by the fear of differing from their superiors, she felt in her heart that what she chiefly wanted was not encouragement of this kind, but that which should strengthen in her the sense of present victory even in this life over the pain of actual sinfulness, and the sharp remembrance of many previous offences. So only she guessed, but hardly dared to say even to herself, could she look forward cheerfully and on sure grounds to a better and nobler existence hereafter. She took the first opportunity which Musgrave's remarks offered of referring to her husband, and looked at him while she did so with earnest eyes, and spoke with trembling words, Musgrave had known him, but they had never been at all intimate. Her mother left the room to procure some drink for her, and while she was gone, Elizabeth took from under her pillow a little packet of papers which she looked at fondly for some seconds, and then held out to Musgrave, saying, "Take these and read them, they may be of some use to you, for it is necessary to your work that you should understand the thoughts and hearts of men. There are things among them that you will perhaps make out better even than I, who so well knew the writer. It is very sore for me to part with them, now that I am so near the last; but if they can do any good it is much better so. You will see that they are much frayed and stained, for I have read

them over and over, and have never had them away from my bed. Oh! sir, before he died, he had far better faith and hope than you will find written there. Indeed—indeed—with all his faults he was very good, and at the last when he had suffered so much, and was so anxious about me—and our—baby—he was able, he told me, to trust that all was, and would be for the best, and was content to do and suffer whatever might be the will of God. But I beg your pardon, sir, for troubling you in this way—only I know you are very kind, and none of them here can understand such things as he thought of—Oh! no, they never could. He taught me so much, so many—many things, that I never should have known but for him, and with all my faults, he has made me see every thing so differently, somehow as if it were so much larger and brighter than it used to be—just as different as the inside of a book full of beautiful writing and pictures is from the cover outside of it. Oh! my own poor Henry!"

She now closed her eyes, exhausted and in tears. Her mother came back and said, "You know, dear, Mr. Musgrave is to give you the sacrament to-day, if you are well enough, and we ought not to keep him.

"Oh, yes, mother, quite well enough for that. I shall be very glad."

The mother called in the others of the family, except James, who was away at work, and they all partook devoutly of the sacred rite. In administering it to Elizabeth, Musgrave felt as if it were a meeting in a world of disembodied spirits. In her a new life seemed for a moment awakened, and she looked more intelligent and lovelier than he had ever seen her. When the others were departing, she signed to them not to go, and looked steadily at each of their faces. She then cast a long gaze round the room at all the things she knew so well, the cupboard, and the chest of drawers, and the looking-glass that had so often reflected her girlish face; and then at the apple-tree seen through the window, and the bright evening sky beyond. Her eyes turned again to Musgrave, as if thanking him, and reminding him of the papers; and then again fixed on her mother, closed, opened, and turned once more to the same wrinkled face, over which the tears were now falling. She said, "'Dear mother and father, and all, and James too, if he were here, I wish I could tell you how I love you all, and how happy am I in the thought that you love me, and will learn more and more to love God." The flush deepened over her cheeks—faded—returned—faded again—and her eyes grew dim, and her lips white—but they still murmured, "I wish I could spread my arms and take up the whole world, and bring them to Christ." She ceased to look or speak; but soon again opened her eyes on her mother. "Kiss me, mother, I cannot speak, but I am quite happy, quite. I am going to my husband, and my poor baby, and God who is all in all. Good-by, dear friends—good—good-by. I shall never see Burntwood again—but"—and she was gone from earth.

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ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.—The great achievement of determining the annual parallax of a fixed star; in other words, of ascertaining its distance from our system, has just been accomplished by Professor Bessel, of Konigsberg. We have seen the fact noticed in only one English journal, and but in general terms. We have pleasure, therefore, in being able to give the particulars of this splendid discovery, on authority entitled to the most implicit reliance.

The star selected for observation was the double star (No. 61) in the constellation of the Swan, which for more than one reason has been surmised to be one of the nearest to our system. Professor Bessel's observations were made with the celebrated heliometer of Framhofer, and led him to assign somewhat more than three-tenths of a second as its parallax, or the angle under which the radius of the earth's orbit would be seen from the star. From this it may be computed that its distance from the sun is about 660,000 times that radius, (or 65,280,000,000,000 miles,) a distance which it would require between ten and eleven years for light to traverse.*

The extraordinary delicacy of the long series of observations which have led to Prof. Bessel's discovery, is very strikingly illustrated by one little circumstance in their history. Such was the nicety required, that the whole object of these observations, (extending, we believe, over some years) would have been utterly defeated, unless some means were found of determining correctly the amount of allowance to be made for the expansion and contraction of the telescope with the varying changes of temperature! A private letter from the Professor, which we have just seen, intimates that, in order to ascertain this vital point, he had established laborious and entirely independent series of observations, which had been crowned with the greatest success, and by which he ascertained that for his parallax observations it was necessary to make an allowance, on account of the influence of temperature on his instrument, of *one-two-thousandth part of a second to each degree of Fahrenheit.* London Monthly Miscellany.

* Light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second.

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GREECE.—The actual inhabitants of Greece are, at the present moment, more heavily taxed and more discontented than when under the domination of the Turks. Among the misleaders of mankind in this matter, and himself a sufferer by his own inexperience, was the great poet Lord Byron. It appears invidious to diminish, by the statement of actual facts, the interest which his works have given to the East; for, perhaps, a stronger one is hardly elicited even by the perusal of the ancient writers, than by the exquisite portraitures of 'Child Harold,' and his delightful Turkish tales; but prejudice must yield to truth; had he occupied himself only in writing, he would probably have lived longer to amuse and instruct the world. It is said that he took into his service, soon after arriving in Greece, a band of Arnauts or Suliots, on whose shores he had been some years before shipwrecked, and from whose tribes he had received hospitality; and that these creatures took his money, abused his kindness and menaced him when he resisted their unjust demands; and that their intimidation elicited the fatal symptoms of the disease which caused his death. He perished with the conviction of having been duped, and with the misery of knowing that the instruments of the revolution he had aided were worthless and ungrateful. It is to this day doubted by many whether the Greeks will eventually form a united empire, or whether faction will not destroy what the combined powers of Europe have been laboring to bring together and consolidate.

The Shores of the Mediterranean, by Standish.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

SHADOWS.—By R. M. MILNES.

I HAD A HOME.

I HAD a home wherein the weariest feet
Found sure repose;
And Hope led on laborious day, to meet
Delightful close:
A cottage with broad eaves, and a thick vine;
A crystal stream,
Whose mountain-language was the same as mine:—
It was a dream!

I had a home to make the gloomiest heart
Alight with joy—
A temple of chaste love, a place apart
From Time's annoy:
A moonlight scene of life, where all things rude
And harsh did seem
With pity rounded, and by grace subdued:—
It was a dream!

LOVE UNSPOKEN.

They seemed, to those who saw them meet,
The worldly friends of every day;
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet, if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart you thought so calm and tame
Would struggle like a captured bird.

And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blistered with repeated tears;
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and years.

Alas, that love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride!
Alas, that they delayed so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside!

Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone.

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From the London Monthly Miscellany for December.

## A LEGEND OF DEBORAH DOBBS.

IN the spring of 1838, Deborah Dobbs, a maiden of eighteen or thereabouts, who had till then devoured paternal mutton in the abode of her ancestors—to wit, a peasant's cottage in Devonshire—was, by the progress of events and of a stage-wagon, transferred to the metropolis, and became subsequently located in a quiet-looking white house in the neighborhood of Peckham, magniloquently christened Epsilon Lodge. Here, as the ballad says of her prototype of the rougher sex, attached to the household of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, she

—'kept the house tidy,
Because 't was *her* duty to do so;'

she being, in fact, invested with the responsible office of maid-of-all-work; and here she might have remained for an indefinite period—probably till Hymen or old age overtook her—but for the coronation! That august ceremonial, which created such a panic of joy in the hearts of the majority of Her Majesty's subjects, exerted a sinister influence on the destinies of Deborah Dobbs.

The family in residence at Epsilon Lodge consisted of but three persons: Mr. Sibley, a grave, portly, Royal-Exchange-looking gentleman, of that peculiar age denominated the wrong side of forty, who took a brandy-and-water view of the Temperance question, but was, withal, of retired habits; his better self, by her own showing, on the right side of forty, and in person a diminutive of her lordly half in about the ratio of five to four; and a young lady on a visit from some part of Sussex, generally styled Miss Jane. She was niece to Mr. Sibley, in age below five-and-twenty; in person remarkable for no more than a good figure, a fine set of features of a pensive cast, relieved by a murder-sleep eye, and a temperament that might have puzzled a Murphy—being grave, gay, frigid, and frank, by turns, under the same external influences.—Whether this peculiarity resulted from the *poetry* or the caprice of her nature who shall decide? She was an enigma such as many a young gentleman, in segar-smoking circumstances, would be delighted to unravel. But she accounted segars an abomination, and classed their smokers with the juvenile branches of the canine family.

Domestic affairs were conducted in one unvaried round of respectable monotony. There were no party-givings, nor party-goings—the cookery was plain, substantial roast and boiled, and each day concluded with primitive bread and cheese at eight, and bed at ten precisely. It may therefore be readily imagined that Deborah had a far easier life than the term 'maid-of-all-work' would lead the uninitiated to expect. Indeed, she hugged herself that she had a good place, while her mistress regarded herself as among the most fortunate of women in having so attentive, so cleanly, so punctual, so superlative a servant.

Unfortunately, however, for this harmonious state of things, the fame of the approaching coronation penetrated the seclusion of Epsilon Lodge, and Deborah, whose idea of a procession had been formed from an occasional glimpse of churchwardens headed by the parish beadle, involuntarily suffered her imagination to take fire at the snatches she gathered of its impending glories. She became more and more excited as the day approached, and at length thought, talked, dreamt of nothing else. Indeed, it not only formed the one idea of her mental existence, but might be said to pervade the essential offices of her animal life; she breakfasted upon coaches and cream-colored horses, dined upon duchesses, dukes and embassadors, sipped cuirassiers and dragoons in her tea, and supped upon fire-works and illuminations, while the familiar sounds of the knocker and the bell thundered forth royal salutes and startled with the clangor of trumpets. Poor Deborah made sundry awkward mistakes—and the tide of opinion as to her merits began to show symptoms of ebbing.

Mr. and Mrs. Sibley were decided *utilitarians*—professed an aversion to display in the abstract, and looked coolly even upon the gorgeousness of coronations; they had seen two already, and declared their intention not to go 'fifty yards' to witness a third. To show that this was not a question of finance, however, and at the same time to carry out their notions of utility, they sent a sealed packet to the inmates of the work-house—which, it was whispered, contained Scotch snuff—and, to make apparent their contempt for display, intended to visit that establishment, for the purpose of witnessing its enjoyment, on the day of national festivity. But their maid-of-all-work having long since concluded the coronation to be a matter of vast moment—certainly a thing not to be 'sneezed at'—viewed these demonstrations with surprise and alarm. She had set her heart upon making a holiday of the 28th of June after a different fashion, but was deterred from the leave-asking till the latest moment; indeed, it was not till the evening preceding that day of days, while preparing the diurnal spread of bread and cheese, that she poured her ardent longings into her mistress's ear, and at the same moment a libation of home-brewed into her master's slippers, then according to immemorial custom gracing the inferior extremities of his own proper person; at which the old gentleman grew red with choler—his lady declared her opinion that "the girl was cracked"—and Miss Jane bit her lips.—The weighty question remained for two hours undecided, during which Deborah gnawed the hem of her apron in vexation and despair; but she was at length gladdened by Mrs. Sibley's consent, though accompanied with sundry non-complimentary phrases, indicating that she was about to try a kind of homœopathic experiment—to add fuel by way of extinguishing the fire—and concluding with a fervent hope that when the affair was over Deborah would return to her 'proper senses.'

Nothing could be more punctual than the preparation of breakfast at Epsilon Lodge on the morning of the 28th of June. The hall clock was striking the hour of eight as the tray was carried into the breakfast-room. But Miss Jane, who customarily took an early walk for the benefit of her health, on this morning—despite the weather—prolonged it beyond the usual hour. Deborah became fidgetty at the delay; the more so that Mrs. Sibley filled up the interval with a long lecture upon pick-pockets and propriety, which might easily have been condensed into a paraphrase of the well-known garden warning—'Beware of man-traps'—to the gratification of at least one party concerned. At length, however, Miss Jane returned—the lecture terminated—breakfast was despatched—and Deborah formed a unit of the thousands who congregated to witness what was properly termed 'The Coronation'—her temper being sweetened at her departure by a present of a half-crown piece from Miss Jane.

What part of the spectacle was graced by the presence of Deborah—whether she was teased or pleased as well as squeezed—whether she was smiled upon by the Duke of Dalmatia's men of livery, or winked at by the Turkish embassador's coachman, does not appear; but in the evening she visited Hyde Park with some friends, and spent some time within a canvass erection dignified by the appellation of the 'Crown and Anchor.' It was here that the recollection of her mistress's injunction to return by ten o'clock came across her thoughts like a flash of lightning, marring the pleasure of the dance, and blighting hopes just budding, for Deborah here encountered a long-lost swain from her own county, whose

awkward diffidence she hoped would one day ripen into red-hot love, though she invariably abused him as a 'stupid booby,' who had better mind his own business. With this endearing phrase she met his entreaties to escort her home when at nine she prepared to depart, and he stood abashed as heretofore, and suffered her to escape into an omnibus at Hyde Park Corner, which immediately rattled off on its journey to the Bank. Deborah was impelled to this decided step by a scrupulous determination to fulfil the conditions upon which she obtained her holiday. Alas! how cruelly may the best intentions be frustrated.

About half-past eleven, Deborah was seen by one Sergeant Flanagan, of the police, flying along the lane leading to Epsilon Lodge like one distracted—the perspiration trickling down her nose like the exuberance of a candle, and the tears gushing from her eyes like the sweep of a water-cart.

Mr. Sergeant Flanagan was a native of the sister kingdom, and possessed a full share of the gallantry popularly imputed to his countrymen. He was whistling listlessly and kicking the gravel-stones at the regulation pace of three miles an hour, when an audible expression of distress escaped from Deborah and attracted his attention. His sympathies were immediately awakened, and he at once addressed himself to the task of probing the hidden grief and administering consolation.

"What ails yer, my darlint?" asked he, soothingly.

"Oh, Sir," replied Deborah, sobbing, "I 'm so late—I 'm servant at the white house yonder—and I 've an excellent place—and I 'm so late—and I was to be home at ten o'clock—and—and"——

"Well, jewel, now, could n't you conthrive to make it convanient to step home a little sooner, and walk aisy and dacent through the sthreets, instead of tinkering along in such a flusthration?"

"I 'm sure I made all the haste I could, Sir—but they sent me the wrong way—and they turned me out of the omnibus—and now I shall lose my place—and all through—through"——

"Through what, swateheart? Who turned you out of the omnibus, darlint? 'Fait, they should n't ha' sent you adhrift had I been there! Who turned you out? Spake now!"

"The man as rode on the steps did, because I could n't pay him; I told him I could n't find my money, and he made me get out."

"Och, botheration! You thought the public vahicles were free as well as the thaatres, did you now?"

"No, Sir—but I had a penny and a half-crown when I was in the booth, and when the musicianers came asking for money, I was talking to Joe, and I suppose I gave them the half-crown in mistake, for the penny is all that I have left now, Sir, and the man would n't let me ride for that, though I told him I should be so late."

"You do n't say so! Oh, the brute! Well now, jewel, go home, and knock hard, and beg hard, and make them let you in if you can; but if they won't, jest wrap your shawl about yer, and sit on the steps till the morning, and I 'll be calling on yer now and then, jest to see that yer comfortable." And Mr. Sergeant Flanagan adjusted his bull's-eye and resumed his parade in the opposite direction.

Deborah's grief burst forth anew as she quitted the gallant Hibernian. She felt conscious that by following his advice the whole neighborhood would be aroused; but having no resource, resolved to fulfil it to the letter, should no 'blessed accident' render it unnecessary. She now advanced cautiously to reconnoitre. Not a glimmering of light twinkled from any of the windows, and the house and all about it, even to the shrubs and trees, seemed wrapt, to use the current phrase—wrapt in the arms of Morpheus. Her heart sickened within her, and it was an effort of desperation alone that enabled her to thread the little serpentine avenue and extend her digits to where she expected to find the knocker. But what was her surprise to discover the door wide open! She paused and listened—all was silent. How came it open?—Rejecting the idea that it had been left so for her accommodation, a tremor seized her as she naturally thought of thieves. She entered, however, and cautiously mounted to the first and then to the second floor, without hearing mortal sound or encountering mortal shape. Concluding it to be accidental, she resolved to turn it to account by closing the door as quietly as possible and retreating to bed. With this view she retraced her steps, but had only reached the level of the drawing-room when her progress was arrested by murmured whispers ascending from below. Breathless and trembling, she listened to assure herself that the sounds were not imaginary, at the same time straining her optics to fathom the dark abyss of the staircase, when the fearful words "Now could I drink hot blood!" overwhelmed her excited senses; and uttering a long, loud, piercing shriek, she reeled towards the wall, doubled herself up like a wet blanket, and squatted down insensible, having contrived to scatter half-a-dozen geraniums down the stairs in the course of the operation. Her shriek was immediately echoed from below, and re-echoed by Mrs. Sibley from above, while Mr. Sibley rushed to the window, shouting "Fire! murder! thieves! police!" as loudly as terror would permit, accompanying his exclamations with the whirring bass of an alarum rattle. The adjacent population was speedily aroused, and a host of half-dressed uniques joined the police in a general helter-skelter to Epsilon Lodge. Sergeant Flanagan being at the moment of alarm on his way to ascertain how Deborah had disposed of herself, was among the first to arrive, but could obtain no information as to the cause of the outcry. Being requested to search the whole house, however, by Mr. Sibley, who still cautiously maintained his position on the topmost story, he left a comrade below, proceeded up stairs, and of course discovered the fallen Deborah, then just awakening to consciousness and headache. He at once recognized her, and endeavored by a variety of blandishments to reinstate her self-possession; but her ideas were in confusion, and became 'worse confounded' as she cast her eyes upon the group of strange, night-capped, half-boiled, dumpling-looking heads that quickly surrounded her; and when at length aroused, and she told of the open door, the whispers, and the more audible words of blood, her terror returned and in some degree affected a portion of her audience. A thorough search of the house and garden was now instituted, but revealed nothing—not a lock was broken nor a cupboard ransacked, nor was a marauder of any description to be found in chimney or in coal-hole, and the wisdom then and there collected was at a nonplus. Every body suggested something which every other body declared to be impossible; and finally it was concluded to be 'a very extraordinary circumstance;' the non-residents departed, and the household resumed the occupation of their beds.

Now a very little explanation will frequently reduce 'a most extraordinary circumstance' to a matter-of-fact common-place standard; and in the present instance there were two persons who could very easily have annihilated the mystery of the affair, had it not been more convenient to remain silent. One was no other than the young lady called Miss Jane, and the other a young gentleman named Frankley, who had lately taken up his abode in a house obliquely opposite, where single young gentlemen were 'taken in and done for.' To borrow a military phrase, the balcony of Mr. Frankley's apartment commanded the window of Miss Jane's; and it would not have been miraculous had a little neighborly civility, *therefore*, sprung up between them, or even a sentiment of a less chilly description—but the mischief had happened long before. The gentleman had, in fact, *declared* himself, and if the lady had not *acknowledged* in return, the fault lay with papa, who had sent her into a kind of honorable exile at Peckham to study discretion and acquire the habit of thinking with him that a hundred and fifty pounds a-year, the long and short of the gentleman's income, was not a fitting counterpoise to her own fifteen thousand 3 per cent. consols. But Miss Jane made poor progress in acquiring this worldly wisdom, for before she had time to con the appointed lesson, Frankley discovered her retreat, and giving out that he was going to the continent, manœuvred so well that he made a lodgement opposite the citadel of his hopes at the very moment he was supposed to be dissipating his chagrin in the purlieus of the Palais Royal. Miss Jane's morning walks afforded him the means of pushing his advantage; and an interesting conversation having terminated abruptly on the morning of the Coronation, he prevailed upon her to resume the subject 'while others slept.' Accordingly, when Mr. Sibley and his lady, closing the door upon the derelict Deborah, retired for the night, the lovers met in a certain rustic erection 'constructed for the convenience of spiders' in the side garden, and were there ensconced when Deborah entered the house unobserved and unobserving. Their conference ended, it would seem, without Frankley carrying a material point in his argument, and on bidding adieu he playfully vented his disappointment by quoting the fragment of poetry which produced such unpoetical consequences.

Nor did the mischief end here. The door being found open was an occurrence which preyed upon the nerves of Mrs. Sibley; and amid the doubt and distraction consequent thereon, a vague suspicion attached itself to the unfortunate Deborah as the cause; and, as a precautionary measure, her invaluable services as maid-of-all-work at Epsilon Lodge were, on the following day, maugre all she could say to the contrary, dispensed with. Alas! what avail the asseverations of innocence when opposed to indefinite suspicion! It was enough to 'make mad the guilty and appal the free' to be so treated. It might well have suggested suspension by the garters or immersion in the water-butt. But, according to the old proverb, 'one door opens as another shuts,' which appears ro be true with regard to Deborah, for it is imagined that she is the person alluded to in the close of the following paragraph, which has possibly been 'running the round' of the papers; it is the beau ideal of accuracy in other respects:

"A few days ago, the family of S——, residing at ——— Lodge, not a hundred miles from the metropolis in a south-eastern direction, were thrown into the utmost consternation, horror, confusion, terror and alarm, by the disappearance of a young lady of considerable personal attractions, only daughter of the opulent Mr. —— of —— in Sussex, who had been some time on a visit at ——— Lodge. What rendered the circumstance more particularly distressing was that the house had been attacked a short time previously by a gang of bloodthirsty ruffians, who had been with difficulty repulsed; and it was feared, as the young lady was in the habit of walking out alone early in the mornings, that she had fallen a sacrifice to their murderous designs. Towards noon, however, it was discovered that a gentleman who resided in the neighborhood was also missing; and it was subsequently ascertained that they had consolidated their interests at the church of St. Magnus, and immediately started per Magnet steamer for Boulogne. The young lady had completed her majority the day before, and thus endowed the happy swain with a large sum in hard cash, and the benefit of considerable expectations. We hear that a discarded servant of Mrs. S—— is the companion of their voyage."

H. T.

## THE WASP AND THE HORNET.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

THE two proud sisters of the sea,
In glory and in doom!—
Well may th' eternal waters be
Their broad, unsculptured tomb!
The wind that rings along the wave,
The clear, unshadowed sun,
Are torch and trumpet o'er the brave,
Whose last green wreath is won!

No stranger-hand their banners furled,
No victor's shout they heard;
Unseen, above them ocean curled,
Save by his own pale bird;
The gnashing billows heaved and fell;
Wild shrieked the midnight gale;
Far, far beneath the morning swell
Were pennon, spar, and sail.

The land of Freedom!—Sea and shore
Are guarded now, as when
Her ebbing waves to victory bore
Fair barks and gallant men!
Oh, many a ship of prouder name
May wave her starry fold,
Nor trail, with deeper light of fame,
The paths they swept of old!

SUDDEN FAME.—By what singular and trivial events sometimes men become famous and immortalized. Without any effort—frequently without any intention on their part—their names become common words in the mouths of mankind—are mentioned on all occasions, and frequently are embodied into our language. We were led to a contemplation of this subject by overhearing a conversation yesterday between two ignorant men—one candid enough to admit it, but the other 'holding out' his pretensions to knowledge.

Says the candid one, "Sam, you know that old piece of road between B—— and R——, (some villages in Pennsylvania,) how muddy it used to be?"

"Yes," replied Sam, "what o' that?"

"Why, I was at home last season, and they had made it as smooth as a floor. People say it has been Macadamized."

"Of course," said the other; "that 's the only way to make a road dry."

"Well now," replied his comrade, "I 'll bet a gin sling you do n't know what it is to Macadamize a road, any more than you know how to behave at church. I went to school as long as you did, and to a better master, and *I* did n't know, till they told me."

"Yes I do," said Sam.

"Well, how, then?"

"Why the road always *was* lower than the cranberry marshes on each side, and in the spring the melted snow coming down from the hills, used to overflow it: they 've made dams on each side to keep in the water, and now when they fix a road so, they say it has been *Make-a-dam-ized*—that 's all."

It is not useful to repeat any more of their conversation. We mention so much of it to show how extensively the name of McAdam has been circulated: the adjective derived from it is full of meaning, in accordance with the analogy of our language, and used by thousands who know its meaning, though they may not know its derivation.

Numberless instances of this adventitious fame, both good and ill, might be adduced. We hear of Burking, Sam Patchism, of a circumstance being quite Crocketty—and hundreds more. In a few years you will hear people say of a rogue, that he *Priced* the goods of his neighbor, or *Swartwouted* the funds.

A PENNY THEATRE PLAY-BILL.—The play-bills of the Penny Theatres are never printed. The expense of printing is too great for the state of the treasury to admit of that. They are all written, and are seldom to be seen anywhere but on a board in the immediate neighborhood of the various places. The titles of the pieces are always of a clap-trap kind. The following is a specimen:

'On Thursday will be performed at Smith's Grand Theatre,
'THE RED-NOSED MONSTER,
OR
THE TYRANT OF THE MOUNTINS.
'Red-nosed monster.....Mr. SAVAGE.
The Assassin.....Mr. TONGS.
The Ruffian of the Hut.....Mr. DARTMAN.
The Villain of the Valley.....Mr. PRICE SHORT.
Wife of the Red-nosed Monster..Mrs. TAPSTER.
Daughter of the Assassin.....Miss BLACK.
'To conclude with
'THE BLOOD-STAINED HANDKERCHIEF,
OR
THE MURDER IN THE COTTAGE.
'The characters by the Company.'

Grant's Sketches in London.

# THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1839.

*Elections and Office-Holders.*—The introduction of a bill to the United States Senate by Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky, having for its object the prevention and punishment of interference by the incumbents of office under the General Government with the elections in the several States, has elicited much comment from the political press of the country. As a matter of course, the project is almost uniformly seen through the medium afforded by the party associations of the commentator. If he is of the Administration school of politics, he stigmatizes it as the most absurd and tyrannical proposition ever urged in a free country. If he belong to the other parish, he is equally sanguine that its adoption and enforcement are of vital necessity to the preservation of our liberties. Let the parties but change positions at the next Presidential Election, and we should expect to see substantially the same project brought forward by those who now oppose it, and vehemently denounced by those who now support it. So wags the world. Mr. Bond's celebrated Speech has by no means used up all the material for amusing contrasts and instructive reminiscences in the province to which it was devoted.

The first observation which we make on Mr. Crittenden's project (we believe it is in spirit identical with Mr. Bell's of the last three years and Mr. Benton's of an earlier period) is simply that we lack faith in the efficacy of *law* to correct the evil aimed at. Suppose it is enacted that the incumbent of any place or appointment under the Government of the United States shall not interfere in State Elections under penalty of fine, loss of office, or imprisonment if you please, how shall the offence be so defined as to make the prohibition effectual? Suppose a Deputy Marshal goes out to take the Census of his County or District, will you enact that he shall not treat the men, compliment the women on their beauty, kiss the cleanliest of the children, and carelessly throw in a few words in favor of the President, the Governor, or 'the Democracy'? Suppoie his opinions on politics be asked, can he with decency be churlish when he is asking so many home questions himself? The case of this functionary elucidates the general difficulty. It must be evident that no *law* can be framed which shall not absolutely gag the Census-takers of 1840 which would prevent them from influencing the important Elections of that year. However exceptionable such interference, it is completely intangible. We are not fond of legal documents as mental aliment, but we should like to see a bill of indictment drawn by a Philadelphia lawyer against some dexterous electioneerer who should officiate as taker of the Census over a prescribed district, fully aware of the existence of Mr. Crittenden's law, yet determined to evade it.

We will present but one more illustration of the difficulty of reaching the subject of complaint by law: In a certain section of the country—very likely in a dozen others—it is charged that the U. S. Marshal regularly summons a party caucus of choice spirits from the whole extent of his District, at every session of a U. S. Court therein, under the guise of Jurors for said Court. They are paid for their time and travel from the National Treasury, and meet, to the number of seventy or a hundred, mainly to devise ways and means for advancing the interests of their party. Every one can see that this is a gross abuse of power: but could a law be framed to prevent it? It might prescribe that an equal number of each political party should be summoned as Jurors, and still the Marshal could convene his Caucus, select cyphers or men of interest only on their public duty from the ranks of his opponents, and laugh at Mr. Crittenden's precautions and penalties. The law would remain a dead-letter on the statute-book.

It will not of course be understood from the foregoing that we justify official interference in Elections. Certainly not. In our judgement, whoever wields the patronage or influence which he enjoys by virtue of an official station to promote the interests or secure the ascendancy of the party to which he is attached is guilty of an abuse of power—whether he be President, Governor, or tide-waiter. Some instances of such abuse are far more flagrant than others; and the interposition of the influence of Federal power to control State Elections is still less defensible than any other. We concur fully in the often quoted opinions of Jefferson that such interference is a grave misdemeanor—one which should be promptly resented by the People and repressed by the appointing power. The batteries of party hostility are well directed when aimed at this abuse; and Public Opinion, if properly appealed to, will rarely fail to apply a corrective where the existence of the evil is clearly shown. To that tribunal it is wise as well as safe to leave the whole matter; and by it the lesson will yet be taught that the office-holder who discharges the duties of his station with fidelity, vigilance and impartiality, does the best in his power for his party as well as his country.

We close with the suggestion of an imperative reason for excluding office-holders from prominent and active interference in politics, which we do not remember to have seen adduced in the discussion of this subject. It grows out of the supervisory power which is possessed and should be exercised by an Executive Chief Magistrate. Let us take the case of a President for illustration—one who should find, on his accession, that a number of the offices within his gift were injudiciously filled, so that changes were clearly desirable. But he is met by the fact that the incumbents contributed most essentially to his election—that the capacity and zeal which ought to have been displayed in the public service had been fully exerted to make him President. It seems a most ungracious if not ungrateful return for this devotedness to turn the devotees out of office, and, unless the unfitness is flagrant, they will generally be suffered to remain. That this is wrong from the outset, it needs but a moment's consideration to establish.

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*State Legislature.*—The two Houses have run a race for priority in abolishing the existing Restrictions (suspended last winter) upon the issue and circulation of Small Notes of our own Banks. The Assembly commenced on the first day of its session, and passed its bill on Friday of last week—after much spirited and some abusive debate—by a vote of 117 to 6—Messrs. Blake, Denniston, and Slaughter of Orange, Stephens of Lewis, J. B. Smith of Suffolk and Strong of Westchester constituting the slender minority. The next morning this bill appeared in the Senate, and was referred to the Bank Committee; to which a similar bill, which the Senate had been some days discussing, was likewise referred by a vote of 16 to 15—the majority consisting of the entire Whig strength with Messrs. Young and Spraker, who are inflexibly opposed to the repeal. On Monday, the Bank Committee reported, recommending that the Assembly bill be laid on the table—carried, 18 to 14—and that the Senate's own bill pass its third reading; which likewise prevailed: Yeas 29; Nays, Messrs. Spraker and Young. So each House has passed a bill repealing the Small Note Restrictions with great unanimity, and each bill lies upon the table of the other House. In courtesy and reason, it would seem that the Senate should first take up and act on the bill of the House; but we presume the business will be done in reverse order.

The Assembly have debated and passed a bill changing the tenure of office of the State Printer from an unlimited one to that by which the offices of Comptroller, Attorney General, &c., are held, viz: election for a term of three years. This bill will almost certainly be defeated in the Senate.

—The above is the substance of all of general interest that has been accomplished thus far. A number of local bills are in progress, and some have passed. The Senate has been much engaged in Executive Session, but with no results as yet. Gov. Seward's nominations are of course under consideration.

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*Errors Excepted.*—In our table of Members of the Legislature, Mr. Yauney of Fulton County was by a blunder *starred* as a friend of the Administration—he is a Whig. Last week, it was stated that the resolutions of the Georgia House, recommending a modified 'Divorce of Bank and State,' had been rejected by the Senate—the contrary is the fact. Mr. McDonald, the 'Union' candidate for Governor, was printed of *Preble* County—there is no such County in the State. *Bible* was written—correctly. The necessary absence of the political Editor at Albany must excuse mistakes and omissions in his department for a few weeks longer. Those acquainted with his chirography will not wonder that errors are made in printing from it; while his location is less favorable to the clear apprehension and ready transcription of political events than it should be. 'It is but for a day.'

## CHRONOLOGY OF 1838.

Compiled from various sources.

Jan. 1. First Proclamation of President Van Buren against our citizens' aiding the Canada Insurgents.
" 12. Henry Clay nominated for next President by the Legislature of Kentucky.
" 14. Navy Island evacuated by the 'Patriots.'
" 15. Sir Francis Bond Head resigned the Governorship of Upper Canada.
" 28. The Senate of Ohio unanimously declared against the Admission of Texas into the Union.
" 30. *Died*, at Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, S. C., Osceola, a distinguished Chief of the Seminole Indians.

Feb. 17. Bowery Theatre, New-York, destroyed by fire.
" 24. Jonathan Cilley, M. C., killed in a duel near Washington, by Wm. J. Graves, M. C. from Kentucky. (Edward Robinson, Whig, was elected in place of Mr. C.)
" 30. Irruption of 'Patriots' into Lower Canada, from Alburgh, Vt. They fled and abandoned the enterprize the following night.

March 7. *Died*, at Stratham, N. H., aged 99, Hon. Paine Wingate, who was a Senator in the first Congress.
" 11. State Election in New-Hampshire. Administration party triumphant throughout, by near 3,000 majority.
" 15. *Died*, at Washington, Hon. Timothy J. Carter, M. C. from Maine.
" 16. *Died*, near Boston, Hon. Nathaniel Bowditch, celebrated as a mathematician, aged 65.

April 1. Isaac McKim, a distinguished Member of Congress (Adm.) from Baltimore, died at Washington. (John P. Kennedy, Whig, was elected in his stead.)
" 2. Lord Dalhousie, formerly Governor of Canada, died in London.
" 2. Election in Connecticut. Whigs triumphant throughout, by more than 5,000 majority.
" — Election in Rhode Island. Whigs succeeded by 400 to 800 majority.
" 18. The Florida Chief Jumper died at New-Orleans.
" 20. Steamboat Oronoko burst a boiler on the Mississippi. About one hundred lives lost.
" 23. The British steamships 'Sirius' and 'Great Western' arrived at New-York from Liverpool in 16 and 14 days. Steam navigation across the ocean established.
" 24. State Election in Virginia—Whigs and Conserve. successful.
" 26. Steamboat Moselle blew up near Cincinnati. Out of 200 persons on board, 125 were killed.
" 27. Charleston, S. C., visited by a fire which laid one-third of its property in ashes. Loss $2,000,000.

May 16. 'Pennsylvania Hall,' Philadelphia, burned by a mob, because an Abolition Convention had been held in it.
" — Resumption of Specie Payments in New-York and most of N. England.
" 17. *Died*, in Paris, aged about 80, Prince Charles Maurice Talleyrand, the most eminent Diplomatist of his time.
" 21. *Died*, at Utica, Commodore M. T. Woolsey, U. S. N., aged 64.
" 29. British steamboat Sir Robert Peel burned in the River St. Lawrence, near French Creek.

June 8. *Died*, in Tennessee, John Lisk, a Revolutionary Patriot, aged 104.
" 15. Steamboat Pulaski wrecked on her passage from Charleston to Baltimore. Out of 150 passengers and a crew of 37, but 59 in all were saved.
" 25. The Sub-Treasury Bill defeated in the House of Representatives, by a vote of 125 to 111.
" 28. Victoria I. crowned Queen of Gt. Britain, &c. (This month, as well as the two succeeding, were hotter than had been known for some years.)

July 2. Election in Louisiana—Whigs elected Governor, all three Congressmen, and a majority of the Legislature, by about 1,000 majority.
" 12. *Died*, at Waterbury, Vt., Ex-Gov. Ezra Butler, aged 77. He was many years a Member of Congress, &c. &c.

Aug. 1. *Died*, in Philadelphia, Com. John Rogers, the oldest officer in the American Navy.
" — Emancipation in the British West Indies. 800,000 slaves liberated.
" 6. State Elections in Kentucky and Indiana, (strongly Whig) in Missouri, (strongly Adm.) in Alabama, (Adm.) and in Illinois, (closely Adm. Legislature divided.) In North Carolina (held on several days) the Whigs carried their Governor and both branches of the Legislature. Rhode Island, a new Whig Legislature chosen.
" 8. *Died*, at Philadelphia, Jacob Chrystler, the last survivor of Washington's Life Guard, aged 81.
" 13. General Resumption of Specie Payments throughout the Middle States.
" 15. The Exploring Expedition sailed for the South Seas from Norfolk, Va., under command of Lieutenant Wilkes, U. S. Navy. Vessels—sloops-of-war Vincennes and Peacock, brig Porpoise, schrs. Flying Fish and Sea Gull.
" 17. *Died*, at New-York, Signor Lorenzo Da Ponte, an Italian poet and scholar, aged 90.

Sept. 1. Vermont State Election—Whigs triumphant by 5,500 maj.
" 7. The Emperor Ferdinand of Austria crowned King of Italy at Milan with great magnificence.
" 9. Maine Election—Administration party completely successful, by over 3,000 maj. (6 to 2 Congressmen.)
" 19. Candidates for Governor and Lieutenant nominated by each party in this State, at Utica and Herkimer respectively.

Oct. 1. Election in Georgia—Whigs carried the entire Congressional Delegation for the first time, by 1,100 to 2,500 majority. Legislature divided—138 Whig to 134 Adm
" — Election in Arkansas—Adm. Congress by 2,553 majority. Legislature also Adm.
" 2. Election in Maryland—Adm. Governor by 311 majority, but Whig Legislature, securing U.S. Senator.
" 8. Election in South Carolina—Calhoun Sub-Treasuryism triumphant, except for two Members of Congress.
" 9. Election in Ohio—Unexpectedly Adm. by 5,000 majority; and in Pennsylvania—also Administration by near 7,000 actual majority; also in New-Jersey—Whig Legislature, Governor and U. S. Senator; Congress contested—the Whig candidates have the certificates.
" 13. *Died*, at Sing-Sing, N. Y., Com. John Orde Creighton, U. S. Navy, aged 54.
" 28. The City of London, and all the North and East coast of England, ravaged by a tremendous storm, which did great damage to shipping, buildings, &c.

Nov. 1. *Died*, at St. Louis, Ex-Gov. Clark (of Clark and Lewis) who visited the Oregon country in 1803, and published their observations—aged 68.

" 5. Election in Michigan. Administration party saved their Member of Congress by 200 in 30,000 votes. Legislature, also reduced Administration majority.
" 7. Close of the New-York Election, resulting in the complete triumph of the Whig party by over 10,000 majority. Government all Whig but Senate, of which but a fourth is elected annually.
" 12. Election in Massachusetts—all Whig by 10,000 majority on Governor and 15,000 on Congress.
" 13. Election in Delaware. Administration Congressmen elected by a split in the Whig ranks by 51 majority. Whig Legislature, as usual.
" 18. Landing of the 'Patriots' at Prescott, Upper Canada. After a brave defence, they were hemmed in, overpowered, and finally forced to surrender—162 prisoners, 102 killed.
" 27. The castle of St. Juan de Ulloa, at Vera Cruz, Mexico, bombarded and taken by Admiral Baudin of the French fleet, after an unsuccessful defence by General Rincon. Mexican loss near 600, with vast stores of ordnance, &c., and the control of Vera Cruz. French loss, trifling.

Dec. 1. Congress convened at Washington; Mr. Garland, Administration, elected Clerk of the House by 106 to 104 votes.
" 2. President Van Buren's Message delivered.
" 4. Gen. N. S. Von Schoultz, of the Prescott 'Patriots,' executed at Kingston, U. C.
" — Meeting of the Pennsylvania Legislature. A mob drove the Senate from their Chamber. Riotous proceedings and bloody denunciations became the order of the day.
" 11. *Died*, at Bennington, Ex-Gov. Isaac Tichenor of Vermont—a Revolutionary Patriot and Soldier, and for many years Governor of the State, until the overthrow of the Federal party.—He was also a Member of the U. S. Senate from 1815 to 1821.
" 25. Pennsylvania troubles quieted by the submission of the Whigs to the demands of their opponents. The Senate, 17 to 16, recognizes the Van Buren House.
" 28. Fire at Richmond, Va. Loss $200,000.
" 31. *Died*, 1838.

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VIRGINIA.—The assembling of the new Legislature of the 'Old Dominion' seems to mark a new era in her political history. The Senate is still clearly Administration, as was evinced by the reëlection of Mr. Parker as Speaker and of the old officers throughout; but the House is known to have a strong Whig majority, aside from the strong force of the Conservatives. There was a Whig majority in the House sufficient to exactly balance the Administration majority in the Senate, counting with the latter the Conservative strength of both Houses; but the recent election of an Administration Senator from the decidedly Whig District of Accomac, &c., has destroyed this 'balance of power.' Mr. Poulson, the new Senator, has been often elected a Delegate from Accomac, which is ten to one against him politically, so he must be personally very popular. His election to the Senate, in place of Vespasian Ellis, a Whig who has resigned, was effected through the running of several Whigs and the prevalence of a general apathy which reduced the vote to a fraction of what it might have been.

Josiah Tidball, Whig, was on the 7th inst. elected to the House of Delegates from Fauquier County, in place of Edward Marshall, resigned. He had 64 majority over Gen. Wallace, Adm., in a poll of 900. This is about as usual.

Gov. Campbell, in his Annual Message, which was transmitted on the 7th, takes a very decided stand not only against the Sub-Treasury project—which was to have been expected from his known Conservative predilections—but against all the Preëmption, Graduation, and other projects for reducing the price or productiveness of the Public Lands, which have been pressed for some years past, with the sanction of the Administration, and with partial success. He regards their adoption as a breach of faith with the States which ceded their title to a great portion of those lands to the General Government, to be by that Government disposed of for the common benefit of all the States, and he further considers the prosecution of those projects as grossly unjust and injurious to the Old States generally. The tone of decision in which he speaks on this subject, following all the resolutions of the North Carolina Legislature, must certainly have an influence upon the action of Congress on this important subject.

The tenor of this Message, in connection with the kindred demonstrations of Mr. Rives in the U. S. Senate, is universally interpreted as notifying a formal and final 'divorce' of the Virginia Conservatives from the National Administration. Their alliance with the Whigs, to be consummated by the joint re-election of Mr. Rives to the U. S. Senate, is next in order. The tone of the Richmond Whig and other Virginia journals convinces us that this consummation rapidly approaches, unless defeated by unexpected obstinacy in some quarter.

The election of Mr. Gilmer as Speaker of the House of Delegates, by a vote of 103 to 17 scattering, is a high compliment, but is in part the result of his position. For years an ardent and distinguished champion of the Whig cause—often elected a Delegate and nearly as often defeated in the furious and doubtful contests of Albemarle—he was endeared to that party by his ability and devotion; while the fact that he was a determined opponent of the old 'Pet Bank' scheme and is understood to favor some financial project resembling the Sub-Treasury, rendered him acceptable to a portion of the Administration men. The Conservatives, who are anxious to secure the hearty coöperation of politicians of his stamp in the return of Mr. Rives, also unanimously supported him, rendering his vote a flattering one. He is the first Whig Speaker chosen since the recent formation of parties; as even during the temporary Whig ascendancy of 1834 a Speaker of opposite politics was chosen.

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MAINE.—The following is the official return of the number of votes given at the State Election held on the 9th September, 1838, for Governor, as counted by the Legislature:

| Counties. | Kent, Whig. | Fairfield, Adm. | Scattering. |
|---|---|---|---|
| York | 4,580 | 5,577 | 14 |
| Cumberland | 6,416 | 6,521 | 74 |
| Lincoln | 5,823 | 5,049 | 25 |
| Hancock | 2,337 | 2,652 | 16 |
| Washington | 2,310 | 2,452 | 16 |
| Kennebec | 6,584 | 3,838 | 8 |
| Oxford | 2,691 | 4,687 | 4 |
| Somerset | 3,264 | 2,730 | 8 |
| Penobscot | 3,833 | 4,657 | 232 |
| Waldo | 2,166 | 4,752 | 44 |
| Piscataquis | 1,108 | 1,300 | 23 |
| Franklin | 1,785 | 2,001 | 4 |
| Total | 42,897 | 46,216 | 486 |

Maj.... Fairfield over Kent.... 3,319; Over all, 2,833.

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MICHIGAN.—We have at length the Official Canvass of the votes cast for Member of Congress at the last Election in this State. We preserve them for future reference:

| | 1838 | | 1837 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Counties. | Crary, V.B. | Wells, Wh. | Crary, V.B. | Wells, Wh. |
| Allegan | 174 | 195 | 129 | 138 |
| Branch | 443 | 273 | 200 | 101 |
| Berrien | 506 | 349 | (no returns.) | |
| Chippewa | 54 | 15 | (new County.) | |
| Calhoun | 969 | 769 | 646 | 410 |
| Cass | 415 | 455 | (no returns.) | |
| Eaton | 124 | 154 | (new County.) | |
| Genesee | 288 | 313 | 169 | 291 |
| Hillsdale | 402 | 405 | 234 | 204 |
| Iowa | 137 | 163 | 73 | 20 |
| Ingham | 115 | 145 | | |
| Jackson | 902 | 1015 | 548 | 561 |
| Kent | 292 | 339 (with Ottawa) | 230 maj. | |
| Kalamazoo | 662 | 915 | 341 | 640 |
| Livingston | 543 | 488 | 280 | 190 |
| Lapeer | 234 | 286 | 119 | 92 |
| Lenawee | 1581 | 1368 | 827 | 652 |
| Michilimackinac | 52 | 42 | 65 | 39 |
| Macomb | 704 | 610 | 380 | 450 |
| Monroe | 828 | 720 | 738 | 378 |
| Oakland | 1759 | 1692 | 1033 | 1198 |
| Ottawa | (no returns.) | | | |
| Shiawassee | 144 | 181 | 93 | 71 |
| St. Joseph | 514 | 486 | 414 | 363 |
| St. Clair | 360 | 439 | 300 | 310 |
| Saginaw | 82 | 95 | 94 | 48 |
| Van Buren | 148 | 113 | 55 | 27 |
| Washtenaw | 1850 | 2218 | 1630 | 1784 |
| Wayne | 1923 | 1908 | 2148 | 1684 |
| Total | 16,255 | 16,051 | 10,743 | 9,594 |

Crary's maj. in '38..204; Do. in '37..... 1,139.

The increase of votes is near 12,000, and the Administration majority is reduced four-fifths. Probably Ottawa would have increased the majority. So close was the contest that but *twelve* scattering votes were cast, and of these 4 were intended for Wells and 2 for Crary. Fifteen Counties give Whig and thirteen Administration majorities. The evenness of the contest throughout the State is unparalleled.

The Senate, of which half was elected last year, stands 11 Adm. to 6 Whig; the House 31 Adm. to 21 Whig; Adm. majority in Joint Ballot, 15. We believe there is no U. S. Senator to be chosen.

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DELAWARE.—It seems that five of the eight Members of the Delaware Legislature elected from Sussex County on the "Whig Reform" ticket, though in good part by Van Buren votes, stand ready to vote for an Administration United States Senator. This defection from their ranks leaves the Whigs in a minority by *three*—6 to 9—in the Senate, but they have still a majority of *one*—11 to 10—in the other branch. Under these circumstances, considering that the election of a Van Buren Senator would grossly misrepresent the sentiment and do violence to the feeling of the State, they decline going into Joint Ballot—the law requiring such elections to be made by Joint Ballot having been repealed two or three years ago. The *Whig* Whigs from Sussex offer to resign if the *Van Buren* Whigs will do likewise, and submit the whole matter to the arbitration of the People. This offer has not been accepted—and thus the matter remained at our last advices.

*Later.*—On Friday of last week the House balloted for U. S. Senator, and the result was as follows: For Dr. Mull, (Whig) 11; James A. Bayard (Adm.) 8; blank 1.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—The Whigs have chosen a Secretary of State, Executive Council, &c., after their own heart, with little opposition. We believe the incumbents were nearly all reëlected.

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ALABAMA.—We learn with pleasure that the bill providing for the election of the Members of Congress from this State by General Ticket instead of Districts has been defeated in the House by a vote of 52 to 26.

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NORTH CAROLINA.—Messrs. Brown and Strange, U. S. Senators from this State, appear to have difficulty in understanding the resolutions recently passed by the Legislature of their State. They have written home to know whether they are to consider themselves *instructed* or not. The Legislature gave no other reply than to resolve that the Senators' course is quibbling and devoid of good faith. So matters remain, and Messrs. Brown and Strange retain their seats.

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*Congress.*—The proceedings during the past week have been very unimportant. Nothing seems to be effected. There is, as usual, much talk and little action. The most interesting occurrence is the following debate on the right of instruction—which is given in the Baltimore American and Chronicle:

### NORTH CAROLINA RESOLUTIONS.

Mr. Brown, of North Carolina, presented sundry joint resolutions of the Legislature of North Carolina, against the Sub-Treasury, the expunging act, and the graduation bill.

Mr. Brown took leave to express his regret that the General Assembly had indulged in some improper reflections upon the course of the Senate, but though they had departed from the comity due to a public body, he would not withhold them. He did not know whether to consider them in the light of instructions, to be considered a mandatory upon the Senators from that State, or only as a recommendation, leaving to the Senators the discretion to act according to their own judgement. He had come to the conclusion, after mature deliberation, that they were not to be considered as instructions. He had always recognised the right of instruction in its fullest extent. He referred to the history of the exercise of the right of instruction by the North Carolina Legislature, in order to show that they had always given a distinction between the recommendatory and mandatory resolutions.

But he and his colleagues, to remove all doubts, applied to the Legislature to know whether the resolutions were instructions or not. The Legislature had evaded the question; and, therefore, he was led to the conclusion that it was not their intention to commit themselves to an instruction. On what principles then, of honor or duty, could the General Assembly suppose that their Senators would consider them as instructions? He viewed the resolutions, for all these reasons, as not binding upon the Senators from N. Carolina. He moved that the resolutions be read and laid on the table.

Mr. Strange made some remarks on the subject, as the most respectful mode he could adopt of explaining to his constituents the course which he should pursue. Nothing could induce him to obey a command which would impeach the party with which he had acted, and with which a majority of the Senate had acted. He should be proud, to the latest hour of his existence, of his participation in the deed condemned by these resolutions. The deed was done at the command of the States of this Union. The State of North Carolina, through her General Assembly, did instruct their Senators to expunge from the journals a certain resolution condemning an act of the President, and that instruction remained now in full force, and unrepealed. If he could consider the resolutions now before him as an instruction, he would unhesitatingly resign his seat at the end of this session. But, as they were not instructions, he did not feel required to abandon his post, and leave it to be filled by his political adversaries.

At the next session of the Legislature of North Carolina, it was his intention to give them an opportunity to decide whether to be represented by a federalist or a democrat.

Mr. Clay, of Ky., said, as the Legislature of North Carolina had no representative here, on this subject, and he subscribed to each and all of their resolutions, he would say a few words on the subject.

To the doctrine of instructions he gave a qualified assent, according to the old sentiments of 1798. He considered it the duty of the representative to reflect the well known and ascertained will of his constituents, as a mirror. He was very sorry that the Senators from North Carolina could not find it

in their hearts to yield obedience to the wishes of so large and important and respectable a State as North Carolina—a State that seldom spoke her sentiments in this solemn form, and never, except upon very important occasions. Mr. Clay adverted to that part of the resolutions relative to the great subject of the public lands, and expressed his pleasure that the State had made known her wishes, before the wild and mischievous project, before the Senate, had passed.

Mr. Strange said he was not in the habit of looking to the Senator from Kentucky of late for advice. He must act on his own judgement in interpreting the language of the Legislature of North Carolina. As to the public lands, he had come to the conclusion that the sentiment of North Carolina was against the graduation bill, and he should oppose it. At the last session, he voted for the bill, supposing it to be acceptable to the people of his State.

Mr. Brown disputed the jurisdiction of the Senator from Kentucky in this case. Holding as that gentleman did, doctrines of a higher tone than the federal black-cockade doctrines, and scouting, as he often had, the expressions of popular will, it did not become him to lecture the Senators from North Carolina on this subject. The Senator, as rumor said, was about to apply the fourth time to the people for the Presidency. His constituents would be exceedingly obliged for advice from a gentleman who had coalesced with abolitionists, and fastened upon the South the tariff system. He protested against the right of the Senator.

Mr. Clay of Ky. said he was very sorry to be the means of putting the gentlemen from North Carolina in such a passion. He claimed no jurisdiction over the gentleman, and, if he had, he would be reluctant to exercise it upon such subjects. If the gentlemen had contented themselves with simply presenting their resolutions without commenting upon the course of his political opponents, he should not have interposed a word. The Senator ought to recollect also that he was not subject to the jurisdiction of the government—but he had undertaken to pass judgement upon some of his acts. If he had contributed to the establishment of the tariff, as the gentleman supposed, he ought to recollect that he also contributed to the compromise. He did not intend to intercede between the Senators and their constituents; but when they attempted to cavil at the right of instructions, and put it upon a single word, and thus impugn the old doctrine of instruction as understood by the republicans of the old school, he thought he was justified in stepping forward in defence of that doctrine.

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From the Journal of Commerce.

Gen. Gratiot, late Chief of the Engineer Department, has communicated to Congress a statement of the circumstances connected with his alleged defalcation. "The origin of my difficulty with the government," he says, "was in the settlement of my accounts as disbursing agent for the fortifications in Hampton Roads, in Va., the construction of which I superintended during nine years, commencing in 1819, until my promotion as Chief Engineer, and during seven years of that time I was charged with the disbursement of the funds for that purpose." In adjusting these accounts, the 3d Auditor did not allow all the items claimed by Gen. G., and the latter appealed to Gen. Eaton, then Secretary of War, for redress. This was in 1835. The Secretary submitted the matter to the Attorney General, who declined giving any opinion. In 1836, Gen. Gratiot's pay was stopped, on account of said balance reported against him in the former settlement.

"It was under these circumstances," says Gen. G., "that I considered myself entitled to the use of the public funds in my hands, so far as necessary for my own subsistence and that of my family; and finding myself placed in this unpleasant situation, I informed the Secretary of War when called on, that I intended to retain the unexpended balance in my hands until a final settlements of all my accounts, when I would pay over the balance, which might be found due to the United States. The Secretary of War's call on me, dated the 17th October last, was handed to me on the eve of my departure from this city, with a verbal message, that it need not be answered until my return. In consequence of this message, and my subsequent sickness for some days, the answer was deferred till the 26th of November, and in the mean time, through whose means I know not, I was publicly stated to be a defaulter.

"On the receipt of my answer, the President directed that the whole amount claimed by the United States, should be paid, about two thirds of it forthwith, and the balance in 20 days.

"My impression that the course here directed, would enable the Government to deny the charge of defalcation, and would be used for that purpose, was confirmed by a conversation with others; but in the course of my arrangements for effecting the object, I learned with surprise, that I should be expected, after complying with the demand, to sacrifice my commission. As such a course would have been considered only as an acknowledgement of guilt, and by throwing it out of the power of Government to bring a suit (whilst there was no such power on my part,) would have deprived me of any means to bring the matter to a proper adjudication, and would in fact have inflicted on me the deepest injury, without hope of redress in any manner, I determined to refuse compliance with such injunctions, and to suffer such consequences as my refusal might produce.

"The matter in dispute will now be brought without delay or impediment on my part, to a judicial decision, and the judgement of a court of justice will place the subject in a proper light. I have the honor to be, respectfully, etc.,

G. GRATIOT.

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*The Richmond Enquirer* begins to take ground against Senator Rives in his present position. The Enquirer was for many years the leading journal not only in Virginia but in the entire South, and did more than any other to reconcile the South to the support of Gen. Jackson in 1827–8. It is still very influential, though the recent hostility of the Editor to the Sub-Treasuoy while he still supports the Administration, has detracted somewhat from its potency.

*The Whigs of North Carolina*—or rather the Whig Members of the Legislature—held a meeting the last of December, and, on comparing votes, ascertained that Henry Clay was their first choice for President.

*Special Election in Virginia.*—The vote for Delegate from Fauquier County, Va., is for Tidball, Whig, 492; Wallace, Adm., 428.

*The Whigs of Rhode Island* have nominated William Sprague for reëlection as Governor, and Joseph Childs for Lieutenant Governor.

*Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq.* of Salem, has received the appointment of Inspector in the Boston Custom House.

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*An Indian Talk.*—Several Indian Chiefs of the Oneida, Stockbridge and Munsee tribes, from Green Bay, while in Albany last week, dined with Gov. Seward. After dinner, when the Chiefs were about to take their leave, A. E. Quinmy, a Sachem of the Stockbridge tribe, addressed the Governor, through an interpreter, as follows:

Father! I address you according to the covenant friendship of our forefathers. After yours had increased and become greater than mine, your Great Chiefs were to be fathers to my people. I am pleased to say that from that time to the present, this covenant of friendship has been kept sacred. I am particularly pleased to find that you, though young and just raised to be the Father of a Great Nation, condescend to notice your red children also. You kindly invited us to dine and smoke the pipe of peace with you, which we have now done.

Father! Upon such occasions as this, it is customary with your red children to make some acknowledgements; and I have risen for the purpose of expressing to you my most hearty thanks for the kindness you have been pleased to show your red children now before you. I feel and do regard it as a renewal of our covenant friendship. I also thank the Great Spirit above for his goodness in allowing us to have this social interview at this time—for inclining your heart so favorably toward us—and, as I have heard you express, a sincere regard for the welfare of your red children. May He be a father to you, and assist you to accomplish, satisfactorily, all the great work you will be called upon to do for your great Nation—and give you many and happy days.

Father! It is very probable that I am the *last of the Muhheconnew* that will ever come on business to this place. My present fire-place is so far removed towards the setting sun that is really hard to come here. But I hope you will not suffer me to come in vain. I wish to have the business of my Nation with this Government settled. Until then I shall be satisfied and willing to bid adieu to my fathers, brothers, and the land containing the bones of my forefathers. This is all I have to say at present. My colleague joins me in all that I have said.

[Albany Evening Journal.

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From the Salem Register.

*Murder and Piracy.*—We give below, the details of a most melancholy tragedy, in the murder of Capt. Charles F. Wilkins, and a young man named William F. Babbage, belonging to the ship Eclipse, of this port, by the treacherous and blood-thirsty Malays, at Tra Bangun on the Coast of Sumatra. Capt. W. was a man of sterling integrity of character and much respected by all who knew him. He had been engaged in the pepper trade for several years, and his return has been for some time expected, after a long voyage of twenty-five months.

This barbarous outrage demands the *immediate* and serious consideration of our Government. The frequency of such events calls loudly upon those who have the remedy in their power, to arouse from their imbecility and negligence. How much longer we shall be obliged to record them, before the lives and property of our citizens on that coast, are deemed of sufficient importance to require permanent protection, remains to be seen. The affair of the Potomac is already almost forgotten by the natives, or alluded to with scorn. They say say she is the only vessel the Americans could send, and that she was *borrowed* from the English.

The particulars which we give, are obtained from the Protest made before the American Consul at St. Helena, and from a letter written by Capt. Silver, of the Lucilla, with extracts from which we have been kindly favored by the owner. The value of the property taken from the ship, was, we learn, about $30,000, which was fully covered by insurance at different offices in this city.

The Eclipse arrived at Tra Bangun from another port on the 22d. of Aug.; and on the 24th, preparations were made and every thing arranged for weighing pepper, which was commenced on and continued through the following day. The chief mate and four men were engaged on shore in weighing, and while there, resided at the fort of the Rajah of Tra Bangun. On the 26th, the weighing was continued, and about sun-down of that day, upwards of eleven Malays went on board the ship, having with them several bags of pepper. Two of these men, Oosoo (the head man and brother of Sumat whom Capt. Wilkins had hired as his assistant, according to custom on the coast) and another, went into the cabin to converse with the Captain on business, where they supped with him. About 8 o'clock, they commenced weighing two bags at a draft—and on the third draft, the Malays began the attack by stabbing the second mate and the boy Babbage. The latter fell, but the mate, not being severely wounded, ran to seize something to defend himself with, and in going aft saw Oosoo stab the Captain.

The Malays in the mean time had seized the muskets in the round house, with all the weapons within reach, and the crew, being overpowered, were obliged to save themselves as best they could, some of them jumping overboard and others retreating up the rigging. The pirates then commenced the plunder of the vessel, the cook, Wm. Reynolds, talking with and apparently assisting them. They left the ship between ten and twelve o'clock, taking with them 26 or $27,000 in specie, two chests of opium, two trunks of the captains best wearing apparel, two gold watches, a fowling piece and case, two spy glasses, the ships colors, all the canvass and cotton cloth that could be found, several muskets, some ammunition, the captain's writing desk containing the chief part of his papers and accounts, with several other small articles.

After the pirates had left the ship, those of the crew who had remained in the vessel went on deck, and discovered that the cook had gone with them, and as was believed of his own accord. He had frequently been heard to say that he meant to go and live with the Malays, and for several days previous had often been seen in close conversation with Sumat, and they were apparently very good friends. Before this, he had been put in irons for making a disturbance on board and refusing duty, and had that day implored the Captain on his knees to release him, which he promised to do soon as the mate returned.

The remainder of the crew then lowered the boat and rowed to a French barque, lying about nine miles off, to procure assistance, as they feared another attack might be made on the ship by proas which were hovering near; and there, being unable to obtain immediate aid on account of sickness on board, they got their wounds dressed and remained until morning.

The chief mate, Mr. Whitmash, was first informed of the massacre on the morning of the 27th, by three of the crew who had jumped overboard during the attack and swam ashore, a distance of about two miles, through the surf. He immediately applied to the Rajah for assistance, who manned and armed five of the boats, and himself, with some of his principal men, accompanied the crew to the ship for the purpose of re-taking her if necessary. They, however, found no living soul on board, but discovered the body of Capt. Wilkins on the half deck below, and Babbage on the break of the half deck forward—every thing being in the utmost disorder. Three of those who had been on board the French barque returned about the same time.

After clearing the decks and getting the vessel in tolerable order, they slipped the cable and put to sea, and arrived at Muckie on the 2d of Sept. where they received all necessary assistance from Captains Peabody and Silver, of the ship Borneo and brig Lucilla, both of this port. On Monday the 27th of Aug. the body of Babbage was committed to the deep, and on the following day, Tuesday, that of Capt. Wilkins. A request was forwarded from the Rajah that the body of the Capt. might be landed and buried at Tra Bangun, but it was deemed unsafe to comply, lest the ship should be again attacked and overpowered by the natives.

The Eclipse arrived here on Saturday, with only part of her cargo.

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*Capt. Hale*, of the brig boxer, at Baltimore, while at Carthagena, took on board a boy named Hughes, who stated that he belonged to the whale ship Wm. Penn of Providence, R. I., and that he was attached to one of the boats that was lowered for whales, in Panama Bay, and become separated from the ship; and after being in the boat several days, and not falling in with the ship, steered for land. In the act of landing, the boat was swamped; with much difficulty all got on shore—but two died from exposure and fatigue. Afterward the boy made his way over land to the Atlantic coast, and came to Carthagena; but being in a very feeble state, Capt. H. thought it was prudent to leave him with Col. Harrison, American Consul at Jamaica. The boy stated that two others of the crew had arrived over previous to him.

[Gazette.

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*Major General Winfield Scott and suite* have arrived in town and taken apartments at the American Hotel.

LATER FROM MEXICO.—By the schooner Henry Clay, Capt. Patterson, arrived at New-Orleans on the 5th instant from Tampico, whence she sailed December 19, the Editors of the Picayune have been placed in possession of private advices to the 15th, three days later than received by the Tampico papers.

By an official letter received at Tampico on the 15th Dec. from Victoria, it seems that that place had declared for 'Federation,' and that 1000 men were in readiness to join Gen. Urrea at any time. Little hope appeared to be left for the Government party.

A letter from an American citizen at Tampico states that no U. S. vessels of war had been at that place since the 14th November, at which time the sloop of war Erie appeared off the Bar. It seems that special orders were given by Gens. Cos and Piedras that the officers of the Erie should be interdicted from any communication with the American citizens on shore, when she soon left for Vera Cruz. If this account should prove true, it is an insult to the American flag which must be looked to.

The report that Santa Aña, at the head of 5000 Government troops, had marched to Vera Cruz and made an attack upon the French squadron, had been received at Tampico, but was doubted by those well versed in American affairs.—Nothing of importance that could be relied upon had been received at Tampico since Nov. 20. The rumors which have been afloat in this city that the French citizens in Mexico have been indiscriminately massacred since the fall of the Castle of St. Juan de Ulloa, appear to be without foundation; at least we learn nothing corroborative.

There is published a correspondence between the Federal General, Urrea, and the Government Chief Canalizo, from which it appears that both parties in Mexico are equally resolved to resist aggression or invasion from France.

Gen. Urrea and his Federal adherents remained undisturbed masters of Tampico.

By a private conducta it appears that the cities of Tula and Rio Verde have declared in favor of the reestablishment of the Federal Constitution of 1824.

It is also reported that the city of Guadelaxara has declared for the Federal system.

It is further asserted that Gen. Canalizo has abandoned his army in the vicinity of Tampico in the greatest distress, and had gone to join Gen. Filosola, who was also flying from Matamoras, his troops having declared for the Federal system.

Another slip from the office of the Courier furnishes the following:

By the arrival of the schooners Cora and Beliza, the former from Matamoras, and the latter from St. Juan de Ulloa, we have received the following verbal intelligence from the passengers on board:

The Cora left Matamoras on the 8th December. At that time every thing was perfectly quiet, but the citizens dreaded an attack from the Federalists, who were within three miles of the city of Matamoras, in number 500.

From Vera Cruz we learn that Santa Aña was stationed within three miles of the city, and had 10,000 men under his command. He had issued a proclamation to the effect that he would support the Government at all hazards, and put down the French.

The mails were stopped, and no communication allowed with the towns in rebellion.

From the New Orleans Bee of January 7.

*Still Later.*—By the arrival of he Spanish schr. Baliza, from Vera Cruz, which she left on the 23d December, we are in possession of intelligence confirmatory of the recent reports respecting a conflict between the French troops and the Mexican forces under the command of Santa Ana. The statement that the Mexican chief had been wounded, and had suffered amputatation of the leg, proves to be correct.

We learn in addition, that the city and castle have been evacuated by the French. Santa Ana has allowed 8 days to the French residents in Vera Cruz for preparations for their departure, and sixty days have been accorded to the French in the interior for the same purpose. It was currently reported that the Mexican government has resolved upon the expulsion of all foreigners without exception.

From the same source we derive information that part of the French fleet had removed from Vera Cruz, in order to renew the blockade of other Mexican ports. The corvette Creole, commanded by the Prince de Joinville, had gone to Havana on a cruise, and there now remained but four vessels of war before Vera Cruz. The blockade of the town is nevertheless strictly enforced, and no vessels whatever are allowed to enter.

Since the above was in type, we have received from a correspondent the following additional intelligence:

VERA CRUZ, December 21, 1838.

After the capture of the castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa and the generous capitulation granted by the admiral, we have been pained to see the Mexican government not only persist in her blind obstinacy, but resort to decrees of expulsion only worthy the most barbarous people. The order of expulsion accorded to the French but three days to leave the city of Mexico, and one month to reach the port of Acapulco, on the Pacific ocean.

As it was impossible for a thousand Frenchmen to find in that port one available vessel, it is evident their massacre was intended. All the representatives of foreign nations hastened to protest against an act of such horrible injustice. The result of their solicitations was, that they were permitted to go to Vera Cruz. No time was allowed them to arrange their affairs—they were divided into three columns on their way since the 10th inst.—the greater number of them on foot. Imagine to yourself these unfortunate people on their way in the midst of a hostile population, excited against them by the emissaries of the government.

While these things were passing in Mexico, the population of Vera Cruz had, in consequence of the capitulation, returned to their houses; but the city was the theatre of another important event. Santa Ana has been invested with the command in place of Gen. Rincon, who was recalled to Mexico, to be tried by a council of war. Arista, who has approached near the city with his division, was charged with sustaining the operation of Santa Ana.—The latter, stationed in the vicinity of the place, learned that the Prince de Joinville had landed, and moved immediately towards Vera Cruz, with Gen. Arista, giving orders to close all the gates of the city, and to seize all the French officers and sailors who had come to lay in their provisions, under the faith of the treaty. His orders were executed, and three officers were taken at the gate of the mole.

Immediately, the French, anxious for the fate of the Prince, rushed to the gate, determined to force it, to facilitate his escape; fortunately this precaution was unnecessary, the Prince having already embarked. The squadron was immediately informed of this violation of the treaty, as well as the danger that threatened the French and all strangers, by the arrival of Generals Santa Ana and Arista. Several armed boats were in a short time near the mole, and their imposing attitude caused the immediate release of the officers taken. The admiral informed General Santa Ana that he must immediately submit to the terms of capitulation, or he would forthwith recommence hostilities. Santa Ana declined giving any answer until next morning.

The admiral, well informed of the intense excitement that existed in the city, and of serious danger to which all strangers were exposed, required that they should be immediately allowed to quit the city. Santa Ana was compelled to assent, and they immediately departed without having time to carry away their baggage. The next morning at 6 o'clock the admiral landed a thousand men taken from the different crews, having at their head the Prince de Joinville; they were to destroy the batteries, spike the cannon, and secure the generals Santa Ana and Arista.—In two hours their duty was performed.

Gen. Arista was taken prisoner, and Santa Ana, who appeared at the head of 200 cavalry, fell covered with wounds. He was carried off by his soldiers, who retreated in great disorder; the next day his left leg and the fingers of his left hand were amputated. The Government has just sent Gen. Codellos to replace him, with instructions not to submit to any arrangement. The city has been entirely avacuated. The Mexican troops are encamped at the distance of three miles, after having pillaged in the most scandalous manner many French houses.

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LOWER CANADA.—The first division of the 11th regiment arrived at Quebec on the 9th inst. from New Brunswick. It consisted of about 150 men, under the command of Major Bloomfield; the head quarters division was expected on the following day.

It appears from the Burlington Free Press that Sir John Colborne has made a requisition upon the government of Vermont, for the surrender of the persons concerned in the late burnings at Caldwell's Manor.

The grist mill at Bedford, belonging to the Hon. Robert Jones, was destroyed by fire on the 8th. It was insured in the Phenix for $5,000, and in the Ætna for $1,600

Com. Adv.

From the Montreal Courier, Jan. 11th.

*Court Martial.*—The trial of the nine persons from La Tortue, charged with the crimes of treason and murder, terminated yesterday; and from Day's concluding address, one may infer that the Court will find Joseph Robert, Ambroise Sanguinet, Charles Sanguinet, François C. Hamelin, and Theophile Robert, guilty under both charges; Jacques Longtin and Pascal Pinsonneau guilty of treason, and that it will acquit Joseph Longtin and Jacques Robert.

In the course of last week the following five persons, deeply implicated in the murder of Walker, viz: St Germain's, (father and son) Jacques Robert, Cyprien Boyer, and Picard, were arrested by different parties of the police under the command of Capt. Comeau.

From the Missisquoi (L C.) Standard.

An attempt was made, on Thursday night last, by some villains from the other side of the line, to destroy the dwelling house occupied by Mr. Nutt, on Caldwell's Manor, Rouville; the fire, however, was discovered and extinguished before it could do much damage.

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*Bank of England.*—Quarterly Average of the weekly Liabilities and Assets of the Bank of England, from the 18th September to the 11th December, 1838, both inclusive, pursuant to the Act 3 and 4 W. IV. cap. 98.

| LIABILITIES. | | ASSETS. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Circulation | £18,469,000 | Securities | £20,707,000 |
| Deposits | 9,933,000 | Bullion | 9,362,000 |

*Messrs. Crafts and Stell* and their numerous commercial correspondents in this country, will be gratified by the following notice which we have extracted from the Manchester Guardian, received by the last arrival from Liverpool:

"The temporary inconvenience to which this extensive and highly respectable firm was subjected by the failure of the American Bankers in London in June, 1837, was deeply regretted at the time, and the generous manner in which those to whom they were so largely indebted conducted toward them at a season of so great trial, saying to them, 'Gentlemen, take your own time; manage your affairs in your own way, and pay us when you are able,' was not only creditable to them as British merchants, having large dealings with America, but spoke very favorably also for the high character of the abovenamed house on the other side of the Atlantic.

"It is most satisfactory to find how this generous confidence has been rewarded, by the prompt payment on the part of Messrs. Crafts & Stell of all their liabilities; and we understand that they are now pursuing their valuable business with new and increased vigor, and have a very large share of public patronage."

[Courier.

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*New Alloy of Zinc and Copper.*—A Committee of the French Academy of Sciences is engaged in investigating a new alloy of zinc and copper, which is said to possess qualities which fit it for extensive use to the arts and manufactures. Its cost will be a little more than that of zinc. The pure metal of zinc oxidizes with great facility, which renders it unfit for a multitude of uses: the alloy, however, is oxidized with great difficulty. It will resist, for example, sulphuric acid of 20 degrees of concentration. Hence it may be used for mineral waters, for pipes and tubes through which acid liquids flow, and in navigation for the sheathing of vessels. The composition of the alloy depends on the uses to which it is applied. If it is applied in circumstances where zinc is commonly used, the inventor mixes with a great proportion of the latter metal a small quantity of tin and lead—an addition which does not augment the cost of the alloy more than a farthing a pound. The alloy which is used for boilers, gutters of houses, &c., contains no lead, but still, like the other, resists the sulphuric acid of 20 degrees concentration.

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*St. James's Church at Toronto Destroyed by Fire.*—It is stated in a Kingston paper, on the authority of a memorandum on the way bill, that the large and costly structure, St. James's Church, in the city of Toronto, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, January 6th. The fire was communicated by accident. We do not know the precise dimensions of the building, but our opinion is that they were about the same as of St. Thomas's, in this city. The building was valued at some $50,000, of which, if we recollect right, the Government gave $6,000. It had one of the best organs in the Canadas, towards which, we understand, one gentleman subscribed $3,200.

[Com. Adv.

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*North Carolina Silver.*—We undrstand that an act has been passed by the Legislature incorporating a Silver Mining Company in Davidson county, of which that eminent Miner, Roswell A. King, is the principal corporator.—Mr. King carried to Raleigh with him, an Ingot of pure silver, worth about $50, which was one of several, the product of the mine. It is believed Mr. King is entitled to the credit of making the first bar of lead and the first bar of copper, obtained in North Carolina, and the first ingot of silver ever obtained in the United States. We wish him all manner of success in his laudible undertakings.

[Fayetteville Observer.

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*Northeastern Boundary.*—We learn from the recent valedictory message of Governor Kent of Maine, that the commissioners recently appointed to ascertain and locate the northeastern boundary of the State, report that "it is difficult to imagine a more certain and accurate description of boundaries than that contained in the treaty of 1783, or which with more certainty can be applied on the earth's surface. Its monuments are as fixed and certain as the pole and the everlasting hills, so long as the laws of motion and gravitation shall continue."

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*United States Bank.*—The following gentlemen were chosen, on the 7th instant, Directors of the U. S. Bank for the ensuing year:—Nicholas Biddle, John J. Vanderkemp, John Bohlen, Caleb Cope, Cheyney Hickman, John A. Brown, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Richard Alsop, Joseph Cabot, Lewis Waln, John Connell, Manual Eyre, Ambrose White, Richard Price, Matthew Newkirk, John Andrew Shulze, Thomas Smith, Richard B. Jones, George Sheaff, John Kirkbride. Nicholas Biddle, Esq. was unanimously elected President.

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*Value of Real and Personal Estate.*—The total value of real estate in the State of New York, as returned to the office of the Comptroller, is $502,864,006. Personal estate, $124,680,778. Total, $627,545,784. The aggregate annual tax for town and county expenses, including $1,244,973 for the city of New York, is $2,860,477; being at the average rate of 4 mills and 6 tenths on a dollar.

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The navigable Canals in England exceed 2000 miles in length. In Ireland, both the navigable Canals and Rivers do not exceed 400 miles in length.

## NEW-YORK.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Greeley has been, and will be, absent from the city during the present month. This will account for any deficiencies in his department of the paper. The *literary* portion—including *all* communications, selections and notices of every kind whatsoever—is under the control of Mr. Benjamin; and, until the return of his coadjutor, he is likewise responsible for the general conduct of The New-Yorker. This statement is made, lest it should be thought that our columns exhibit strange discrepancies of opinion. For instance, the opinions entertained by the resident Editor of the value of Mr. Neal's writings may appear to be discordant with those expressed on a former occasion. No such discrepancies will be regarded, however, if it is borne in mind that there are two departments in this journal, wholly distinct from each other, and governed by different minds.

'The Onyx Ring' is continued this week, and we hope to give the remaining chapters, week after week, till its conclusion. The magazine containing it did not reach the city till too late for our last week's number. Though longer than we anticipated, we do not regret its publication, as there is nothing more beautiful in the English periodicals.

We acknowledge the receipt of several spirited pieces of verse and interesting prose-sketches. We shall specify them to our correspondents next week.

'The Southern Literary Messenger,' for January, has reached us, but too late for a notice this week. It shall be attended to in our next.

*The Knickerbocker for January.*—In truth, an admirable number—containing more various, more entertaining, and better-written papers than any English magazine that has come to hand by the late arrivals. Its externals are in irreprehensible taste; the engraving with which it is adorned excellent and appropriate—"The Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant," one of the most renowned of the Knickerbockers in old Diedrich's veritable history.

The opening paper is an able treatise on the Civil Administration of Justice. Its value, its important and immediate value, to the people of this State and City cannot be over-estimated. Its writer, whose name we hear hinted as that of the highest functionary in the State, is thoroughly master of his subject, for he handles it with a directness, boldness, and self-reliance, which could be acquired only by experience. "The Governor's Visit to Jemaico." by the author of 'the Kushow Property,' is admirably done. We know of no magazine writer, after Dickens and Hook, whose perceptions of humor are nicer, or who can more felicitously intermingle beautiful tints of description with the broad hues of fun and drollery.

As we have not our number at hand, we cannot go into a particular description of the articles; but we do not remember one which has not some characteristic excellences. We are reminded of the Essays of Elia by 'the Dinner of the Months,' and of the prose imitations in 'Rejected Addresses' by the 'Letters from modern Palmyra.' The poetry in the body of the number is much above the rank of that which usually appears in magazines and annuals. The tender verses by Rev. Walter Colton, which we give in our columns, are beautiful; and so are Professor Longfellow's 'Psalms of Life and Death'—though neither are equal to the Psalm published some months since.

We are proud of the Knickerbocker as an American periodical. We are quite content that it should go to England as an evidence of the floating literary talent of our country. We are told that its circulation nearly extends to four thousand copies. Ten thousand would be too few, when we consider the claims of its numerous contributors both in this country and in England, of its talented Editor and its able and efficient proprietors.

*Mr. Sargent's Lecture on Mirabeau.*—On Friday evening last we had the pleasure of listening to a very instructive and interesting Lecture on the Life of Mirabeau, addressed to the Mercantile Library Association, by John O. Sargent, Esq. The outlines of Mirabeau's eventful career; his singular political posture at each of the great epochs of his life, was presented with such spirit, and his figure so grouped with the other prominent personages of the French Revolution, at the great crisis of that awful drama, as to present a series of eminently picturesque historical tableaux. The manners also, and the morals, of this arch-revolutionist—his personal appearance and habits, and the style of his oratory, were portrayed with much graphic skill. Mr. Sargent is a fine speaker, as well as a fine writer; and he was able to treat his audience to translations of several very pointed specimens of Mirabeau's far-famed eloquence, delivered in a corresponding style of graceful and energetic elocution—an attempt which very few of our most accomplished lecturers could have safely made. Mr. Sargent digressed very happily into such general reflections as imparted much weight and value to his narrative, without impairing its lively biographical interest or unity. He read some brief and impressive lessons on that portentous text the French Revolution; and he condensed a comprehensive truth into very forcible statement, when he alledged (and indeed clearly proved) "that the crimes of government and of society educate their own avengers."

Mr. Sargent's subject was so happily selected and so well treated, that we think he must make up his mind to repeat his Lecture before the Historical Society.

*New-Orleans Picayune.*—Always amusing, always well-edited, this little gem of a paper comes to us as punctually as the light—in the shape of a slip of two columns and a half. Now this half-column is the most provoking source of annoyance; for one can just catch words enough on it to show that the whole is replete with good things. Here is one, this moment come to hand, whereon we discover a dainty bit of reading sliced in two. According to our conjecture it is something about an entertainment given to Col. Joseph M White of Florida, or one at which he was present, where a toast was pronounced and a song sung in honor of his lady, Mrs. Florida White. It is like sipping a delicious beverage with a small spoon when one is excessively athirst. We catch those tantalizing words—"given by the people' —"Joseph M. White" —"following sentiment"—"Vice President"—"gallant"—"*accomplished lady*"—"scarcely less"—"gifted husband" —"won for Florida"—"this toast"—"Col. White rose"—"affected"—"sentiment"—"speech"—"beautiful address" —"carries Mrs. Florida White"—"to Europe." Then follows what is evidently the song, of which all that *we* are favored with, is "o'er the main"—"Arab steed"—"desert plain"—"fiery speed"—"proud delight"—"winds and waves" —"in thy flight"—"thy bosom laves"—"how rich a prize" —"our shores away"—"flout the skies"—"in scorn the spray"—"to the land"—"beauty dear"—"dance hand in hand"—"all the year"—"a sigh or prayer"—"native shore" —"happier there"—"love her more." Very pleasant! Besides these same slips, which we would by no means dispense with, why may we not have *the Weekly Picayune*, so as to sate our curiosity to know what this sliced column is all about?

*New-York Literary Gazette.*—Proposals have been published for a new journal, with this title, to be edited by Mr. James Aldrich, and to make its *debut* on the 2d of February "Its contents will be varied, embracing reviews of new works in literature and the arts; original essays on various subjects, 'from grave to gay;' notices of the drama; poetry; facetiæ and miscellanea, diversified by rare gems of literature, extracted from uncommon works. The Literary Gazette will be the organ of a literary club, whose original papers will appear in its columns." Success to it! The more, the merrier We see no reason why there should not be a literary paper to each ward. From its name, 'The Corsair' ought to be published in 'the bloody Sixth.' We understand that there is not the least foundation for the report that "M'Donald Clarke, the mad poet, and S. L. Fairfield, Esq., intend to issue a new journal in this city, to be called 'The Cantankerous Panther.'"

*Respect to Rascality.*—Our republican partiality to titles is such, it would seem, that we must be constantly making use of the commonest affixes of courtesy. It would be amusing, if it were not revolting, to notice the manner in which we mention the names of every common scape-gallows, when little anecdotes of them are to be told in the newspapers. *Par exemple*, those two unmitigated scoundrels, Swartwout and Price, are always called, with a sort of touch-my-hat air, *Mister* Swartwout and *Mister* Price. Now what superior right have these individuals to be honored with the designation of *Mister* than the fellow, Coleman, who happened to be hung the other day? Why not announce that "*Mister* Coleman, the colored gentleman, was yesterday morning executed, in consequence of having unfortunately murdered his wife?"

No! crime in crape is a very different thing from roguery in rags. The prodigious peculator is treated with a deference amounting to respect, while the villain in a small way is hooted at by every ruffian who happens to have had the luck to escape from justice. We have no patience with these distinctions of rank among felons. The great defaulter is in the eye of equity as fitting an inhabitant of a penitentiary as the little thief, who, with hardly a hearing and no defence, is despatched on a short journey in the corporation coach, into which light is admitted from small apertures at the sides. If Swartwout and Price had their deserts, they would be assisting Rathbun, the forger, in 'doing the State some service' at Auburn, at this moment, instead of traveling for elegant recreation in Europe. Yet such men as these are to be called *Mister*, forsooth, by all our most respectable journals and defended steutly when their *fair fame* is called in question!—as if the Stygian hue of the Prince of Darkness could be deepened by 'a lick of the tar-brush.'

If editors are seeking for a vent for their sympathies, let them visit our city prison, in whose damp and ague-breeding cells, the honest debtors lie buried—yes, literally entombed amid the sounds of activity and the hum of busy industry!—Here is food for compassion—here is stuff for the exercise of strong indignation! Here are veritable *Misters* and *Esquires*, men of worth and high character, and true social excellence, unimpeachable men, who by reason of the heinous inequity of the law, are suffering a punishment from which the thief of millions is exempt. Why! the bare proposal on the part of the President to make defaulters chargeable with the consequences of the crime of felony, has thrown a portion of the press into a fever of sympathy and outraged passion! To them, we say again—go to the debtor's prison! If we are a 'sovereign people' let us exercise our sovereignty by relieving the innocent from the penalties which are due to the guilty; and let us treat high and successful villany with no more respect than the meanest fraudulent encroachment upon the prerogative of his Majesty, the Many.

*Mr. Simmons's Lectures.*—It gives us great pleasure to state that this gentleman's Lectures on the English Poets at Clinton Hall have been eminently successful. Each of the four lectures already pronounced were listened to by large and brilliant audiences; and we have no doubt that the fifth and concluding lecture will be greeted by as many as can find sitting or standing room. Mr. Simmons is no less eloquent as a writer than as a speaker. He has been solicited to repeat the course by many ladies and gentlemen of intellectual tastes, and we trust that he may be persuaded to do so.—Meantime every body should go to Clinton Hall on Monday evening to judge for themselves whether the course would be worth attending.

*Neglects and Abuses—No. III.*—We have, upon former occasions, alluded to the gross indifference to the common weal exhibited by the City Corporation and their officers. There seems to be but one remedy, and that is in the hands of the people, available at the ballot-boxes. Elect individuals who will attend to their duties, and not spend their whole time in talking electioneering politics and writing electioneering squibs, and in visiting public institutions so as to elicit editorial puffs. Elect men, no matter of what party in polities, so that they be instant and efficient in business and of fair characters, who will faithfully discharge the trusts committed to their hands.

Many of the streets are at present nearly impassable, crowded with filth and obstructions of every sort. Builders are suffered to occupy more than half the passage, and to leave bricks and mortar strewn about to the imminent hazard of the lives of travelers. A particular acquaintance with the navigation of the streets is as necessary to the drivers of vehicles as to pilots the rocks and quicksands of a dangerous coast. The lamps at night are barely sufficient to indicate the posts from which they faintly gleam, to 'teach light to counterfeit a gloom' 'to make darkness visible.' And if the moon has any intention of rising at all, people are left to discover the lamp-posts by their noses. To all such complaints the Corporation reply, with the doctrine hitherto unknown to the common law, "it is the fault of our agents—we are not responsible for the acts of our agents!" Indeed! who is responsible, then? The Inspectors of streets, or the lamp-lighters? Can they be turned out at the ballot-boxes? No! these bring your defence to a trying ordeal. The people will decide

on the responsibility of employers for the abuses of employees.

Besides these abuses there are neglects, whose responsibility rests with the present officers of the Corporaiton. Whose business is it to see that the law in relation to rapid driving is enforced? The omnibus-conductors are, more than ever, in the habit of racing furiously through Broadway, and, by their hideous yells and the racket of their vehicles, turning that fine thoroughfare, lined as it is with the dwellings of respectable citizens, into a perfect Pandemonium. One question we ask in conclusion. Exists there any ordinance against breaking the Sabbath? If there be, why are the milk-men suffered to utter their diabolical yells all day, even at the doors of the churches? We doubt not that there is a law which would stop this pest, unenforced, as usual, by the Corporation.

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*Tales and Ballads by Caroline Gilman*—Published by S. Colman.—A graceful, charming and lady-like writer is Mrs. Gilman—none more so among those of her sex who devote themselves to the pursuits of literature. Her 'New-England Housekeeper' and 'Southern Matron' were both received with general favor, and so was her 'Poetry of Traveling,' published last summer. The present collection will be found very acceptable. Both her prose and poetical styles are nearly without fault; and, for this reason, the book would be a useful one for introduction into young ladies' schools.—For this we recommend it, and we also invite to it the regards of those who are looking for a tasteful gift to ladies, whether young or old—we beg pardon, *ladies* are never old.

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*New Novels.*—Here is 'Rob of the Bowl' by our favorite author among the American novelists—and 'The Huguenot' by James, who has taken the place of dear Sir Walter Scott in our 'heart of hearts.' The first we have read with great satisfaction, and mean to notice it at length—showing how silly are those who call it a failure, and that, although the first volume is a little tedious, the second is thrillingly interesting. 'The Huguenot,' just published by the Harpers, we have not found time to read, but we contemplate with the eye of an epicure about to taste of a dish which has tasked the acutest culinary invention.

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*Yale Literary Magazine.*—This work is managed by each successive class of students, and it is the laudable ambition of the last to excel the preceding. We once spoke of it in terms of commendation, and that pretty high praise is well merited may be determined from the selection entitled 'De Witt Clinton,' which we offer to our readers as a specimen of youthful writing that would do credit to maturer minds. Its author, we learn, is a Mr. Sherwood of this State.

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*The Ladies' Annual Register and Housewife's Almanac for* 1839.—It would be sufficient recommendation of this elegant little annuary to say that it was edited by Mrs. Gilman of South Carolina. We have long had it in mind to add our own to the many praises which it has justly received; and we now do it in the trust that it will induce our lady readers to provide themselves with a most useful and at the same time entertaining manual. (Published by Samuel Colman, Nassau street.)

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☞ We cheerfully acknowledge the justice of the censure conveyed in the following communication from a highly respectable *publisher;* bookseller he is not, in the sense in which we used the term. He does not seem to understand the distinction we made between publishers and large dealers in books, who are among the most intelligent members of the community, and petty retailers, who, without especial disparagement, may be said not to be so very learned. We have been so often provoked with the meannesses and ignorance of some of this class, that we perhaps expressed ourselves more generally than we ought. Our object certainly was not to elevate Mr. Putnam at the expense of his compeers. We could give a hundred anecdotes of the want of common information in the small booksellers. One inquired of us the meaning of the word 'scrutinize;' another asked us if the Schiller whose life Carlyle wrote was our Consul at Algiers. If our valued correspondent will furnish us with any facts illustrative of the peculiar wisdom of the gentry to whom we refer, we will publish as much as he will write. Meantime we have made the *amende honorable.*

*To the Editors of the New-Yorker:*

An article in your paper of last week has led me to this reply, which reliance upon your sense of justice impels me to believe you will insert in your columns.

In your notice of the book-selling establishment of Messrs. Wiley and Putnam you display an evident desire to engraft upon the minds of your readers the same high estimate of the character and ability of the junior partner of that house which you yourself seem to possess—and that "there are few more of livelier intelligence or more available abilities in the trade" than Mr. Putnam, (considering his years,) I most freely admit; but the point to which this reply is directed is the unqualified denouncement of all the other members of the same fraternity, who (to adopt your own language) "dispose of a book as they would of a boot, were they engaged in the more suitable business of shoe-making." This is sweeping with an indiscriminate hand, and I would simply ask whether Mr. Putnam's reputation demands such a sacrifice to exalt it—or rather whether his brother booksellers deserve it? Upon this point, whatever may be your opinion, allow me with due deference to express myself otherwise. It is not true that "booksellers generally know very little concerning the article in which they deal:" the reverse of this is undeniably the fact. Booksellers are very generally *book-readers,* and personal intimacy warrants me in saying that no class of our citizens are better informed in all the current literature and philosophy of the day than those whose business it is to vend the commodity in question. Therefore, in doing justice to Mr. Putnam you have at the same time done great injustice to the book-selling community generally; for, while I cheerfully admit your commendation of this gentleman to be most true, I respectfully ask whether he alone deserves to be singled out from among his compeers, and exhibited before this community as the only bookseller worthy the occupation in which he is engaged. If, sir, your remarks are founded in ignorance of the qualities of those whom you so generally and unwarrantably assail, that ignorance in a public journalist is certainly culpable. If your object was to enhance the attainments of one at the expense of all the rest by an untrue and unqualified contrast, your motives are still more censurable; and, in either case, consideration will lead you to appreciate your error, and ought (and I trust it will) induce you to study more attentively the character of that respectable and in many instances highly intelligent class of men with whom you at present appear to have but a superficial acquaintance. When I remind you that some of the most valuable treatises issued from the American press owe their origin to the learning and talent of book-sellers, and moreover that American literature is studded with many gems from the pens of book-sellers, you will be ready to admit that your rather inelegant simile, comparing the relation of author and book-seller with that of a schoolmaster and wig-maker, at once loses its similitude; and that you have, to say the least, passed a hasty censure upon a large community, in your otherwise laudable endeavor to assist one of its members. And from intimate acquaintance with Mr. Putnam I think that I can say for him that he would be most unwilling to subscribe to the truth of your unqualified remarks, even though they directly tended to build up his individual reputation.

J. K.

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For the New-Yorker.

## RURAL CEMETERY.

Philadelphia and Boston have their 'Mount Auburns,' and why should not we? For two or three years past, the subject of a Rural Cemetery for this great city has been frequently before the eye of the public, and attention has been drawn to a site some five or six miles from the city, the reason for which, or the arguments adduced in support of a location so far distant are not the most cogent, as I am not aware that any one can claim for it any great pretensions in cheapness, facility of access, or beauty of scenery over others that might be selected. Therefore I will instance one that seems to have been overlooked, not half the distance, superior to it in every respect, and which, if the ground can be acquired, will be more desirable than any other hitherto thought of in this neighborhood—and that is Williamsburgh. If, before the public decide on the location before mentioned, they will take the pains to view and duly weigh the advantages of this admirable spot, they need go no further to meet the wishes of, I venture to say, a majority of our citizens. The average elevation of that suburb of our city is about 125 feet higher than the city proper. It commands a charming and extensive view, and the circumference of the whole prospect from the summit level, is at least 50 miles. The soil is dry, free from rock, and sufficiently undulatory for rural beauty. Bodies will decay with less rapidity than in any other soil in our neighborhood. The farthest point of Williamsburgh can be reached in 30 minutes from Peck slip. It is easy of access at all times, and but little time would be required to perform all the ordinary rites of sepulture, and the friends of the departed could return home seasonably. Within three quarters, or say a mile, from the ferry landing, I believe that 30 or 40 acres might be spared from the village plot, which is large, and I am quite sure that if its great natural beauty was closely examined, it would receive a preference, nay a decided one, from all sensible men, and women too, who may be interested in a choice location for the city's dead. If there is a spot in this vicinity that combines every requisite for a perfect '*Père la Chaise,*' I know of none equal to this; and the more it is examined, the more striking will its beauties appear. I have been oftentimes surprised that some spirited and enterprising man has not established a famous garden for public retreat, where our citizens could enjoy that relaxation so essential to our temporal happiness and the wants of us all. And if an ample reward be an object, it surely awaits him. New-York can boast of a number of *small enclosures,* but no GARDEN. But I am wandering from the subject. Having no greater interest in it than in common with my fellow-citizens, it is respectfully submitted.

YORK.

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For the New-Yorker.

*"Sketches of Married Life."*—We are all familiar with the writings of Mrs. Follen. The former volumes of this gifted lady, more especially her admirable 'Skeptic,' are among the most racy and popular contributions of the American press. Her characteristics are, talent, ease, fine feeling, freshness of spirit, good sense, strictness of moral principle, and glow of religious sentiment. We think she most resembles one of our first writers of fiction—the author of 'Clarence.' *One* of our first writers of fiction?—Why not say the first, as our individual feeling dictates? We welcome these 'Sketches of Married Life,' as the very best we have seen. Both in the way of warning and example, they are home-felt realities; they cannot fail to enlighten and encourage all those who would render domestic life what it ought to be—the happiest allotment of man and woman; and it is one of the warmest wishes we can form for the well-being of our country, that every family may receive this little book to their homes and their hearts. Readers of this volume must not expect to find it a novel or impassioned story, though many, we doubt not, will find it more interesting than most of such fictions are. But should they approve the author's plan, when she makes entertainment only a secondary object, they will thank her for thus restraining her power of invention; they will thank her for showing, even in this simple form, the influence of genuine love; that

'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.'

These sketches make visible the great gulf that separates the two classes of married people. The happiness of the one springs from mutual affection; from a state of growth produced by conforming to the golden rule; from acts of self-devotion and self-forgetfulness; from bearing and forbearing; in one word, to use a favorite phrase of Coleridge, from striving to promote each other's *solid* well-being. The other class marry from fancy, ambition, love of money, or because they consider it respectable to be established in life; from the ten thousand reasons, or no reasons, that influence the thoughtless and impulsive. How soon, alas! they find the false glare, which they mistook for eternal sunshine, fade from their view!—that self-indulgent habits and worldly wisdom counteract the very purpose they would promote!

But we have written much more than was necessary. We need only refer the reader to the developments of the volume itself. Not one of them is overstrained or unnatural; they have the transparency of truth itself; they are lessons of love and wisdom, flowing from a thoughtful and affectionate spirit—a spirit, we are persuaded, that every day experiences the blessedness of all it inculcates; not that servile subjection to the will of another, which the German pleasantry, quoted in the book itself, so happily illustrates:

'O, wunderbare Harmonie!
Was er will, will auch gie;'

but that Christian union of heart and will which forms the perfect freedom of wedded love.

A LOVER OF LITERATURE.

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☞ The Rev. Mr. Tyler, Editor of the Connecticut Observer, in his paper of the 5th inst., writes respecting Dr. Webster's edition of the Bible:—"We think the Christian public is indebted to Dr. W. for his amendments of the language of our common version of the Bible. He has made *very few* alterations which we do not cordially approve. We believe that the work would not have been performed with greater accuracy and taste, if it had been executed by an association of the best scholars in our country."

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*The Politician's Register*—published by Horace Greeley, at 127 Nassau st.—During the absence of our valued coadjutor, we may be allowed to quote the following among other recommendations bestowed on his newly-published Register:

*Politician's Register for* 1839.—This most convenient and accurate compend—for every politician throughout the country indispensable—has just been issued by HORACE GREELEY, at the office of the New-Yorker. It contains full tables of the votes for President in 1836, in the several States by Counties, compared with the votes cast in the same States and Counties for the last two years, with an executive calendar, and a list of Members of Congress. Copies to the number of hundreds of thousands might be distributed to advantage throughout the country, as giving the 'statistics of the Will of the People.'

[Courier & Enquirer.

*Greeley's Political Register.*—This work for 1839 has just been published. It contains full returns of the last Presidential Election and the various State votes for 1837 and '38. It is a most valuable publication, and should be in the hands of every politician in the country.

[Daily Whig.

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*The Mail Stage* from Catskill for Albany, with ten passengers, was precipitated into the river on Friday morning of last week, when within about eight miles of the latter city, owing to the ice, which at the place the accident occurred was but two or thre inches thick, giving way. The whole of the passengers, however, as also the sleigh and horses, almost miraculously escaped without further injury than a good ducking, owing to timely assistance having been rendered them. An hour previous a Mr. Taylor had lost a valuable team of horses near the spot, and it was contrary to the advice of the inhabitants and the wishes of the passengers that the driver continued his route on the river.

EVERYBODY.—Next to Nobody, this is the most important personage known, whose place the former is very often compelled to supply. Everybody, says the political sectarian, knows that the righteousness of our party exceeds that of the Scribes and Pharisees; while the wickedness of our opponents is as the troubled waters which cast up mire and dirt. Now it is Nobody, instead of Everybody, that possesses this information. In the same manner, those whose vocation it is to fabricate and vindicate creeds, dogmas and fashions, in all the various departments of law, physic and divinity, uniformly aver that Everybody acknowledges the accuracy of their several doctrines and principles—whereas, through the aforesaid transposition, another character is entirely deprived of his rights: what legitimately belongs to Nobody, is placed to the credit of Everybody—thus reversing the established maxim, that Everybody's business is Nobody's.

Notwithstanding the consequential character so generally accorded to Everybody, there is not a more ignorant booby in existence. A thousand crooked points and tangled questions are referred to him for decision—on which occasions he is surnamed *the Public*, and complimented with much praise for charity and sagacity; but in the end, every one of these knotty matters is resolved by Nobody, to whom in fact belong those very superior qualities so courteously ascribed to his would-be coadjutor. Thus Everybody runs away with honors that in truth are the sole property of Nobody; and the latter is also doomed to endure imputations and reproaches that were justly designed to rest upon the broad shoulders and thick skull of the former. Multitudes of false assertions are wrongfully laid to the charge of Nobody; and the very highest virtues, which are known to belong exclusively to that individual, are not seldom assumed and held as the appurtenances of Everybody—so prevalent is the opinion that 'what Everybody says must be true.'

It is indeed high time that the political vices and the professional impositions which have so long been known to exist, and which have increasingly been palmed off upon Nobody, should find their true owners, and they alone be held responsible. Until things are called by their right names, the innocent must suffer, while Everybody, that is really guilty, is suffered to escape. Nantucket Inquirer.

A MOST SINGULAR CURIOSITY.—We have in our possession a specimen of apples from the farm of Mr. George Andrews, jr. of this County, which grew upon a limb of an apple tree in his orchard, lying loose in the branches, and entirely unconnected either with the trunk or its limbs. It has not been disturbed since it was thrown there, but can easily be removed by the hand, thus showing that it derives neither nourishment nor life from any connection with the tree itself. One end of the limb is partially dead, yet for three successive years it has borne a large crop of apples, of good size, and excellently well tasted, as we can testify of our own knowledge, both this year and last. We spoke of the matter last year, and should have noticed it editorially, but so many refused to believe, without the actual evidence of their own senses as to the fact, that we concluded to let it alone until they could satisfy themselves that it was so. Since then, a number of our most respectable citizens have seen it for themselves, and are satisfied that there are stranger things in this world 'than their philosophy had dreamed of.' No fact of the kind has ever before come to our knowledge. We should be pleased to have some one, well acquainted with vegetable physiology, explain this strange and singular fact.

Western Weekly Review.

A NEW DISH.—A gentleman, whose knowledge of the French was limited to a few words, and who was ignorant of the meaning even of those, called in at one of our French *restaurats* a few days since for his dinner. "Vat vill you have sare?" said the attentive French waiter. "I'll take some of that—that—what do you call it?—same as I had yesterday—some French dish or other." "I do not recollect, sare, vat you did have day before dis." "Oh, some fried dish—let's see, a fried *fille de chambre*—I believe that's what they call it." The poor waiter shrugged his shoulders, and put on a look of perfect astonishment when his customer called for a *fried chambermaid!*

GOOD WIVES.—I am acquainted with a great many very good wives—notable, and so managing that they make a man every thing that is happy; and I know a great many others, who sing, and paint, and play, and cut paper, and are so accomplished that they have no time to be useful. Pictures and fiddles, and every thing but agreeableness and goodness, can be had for money; but as there is no market where pleasant manners and engaging conversation and Christian virtues are to be bought, methinks it is a pity the ladies do not oftener try to provide them at home. Hannah Moore.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.—A blind man having contracted a violent passion for a certain female, married her, contrary to the advice of all his friends, who told him that she was exceedingly ugly. A celebrated physician at length undertook to restore him to sight. The blind man, however, despised his assistance. "If I should recover my sight," said he, "I should be deprived of the love I have for my wife, which alone renders me happy."—"Man of God," replied the physician, "tell me, which is of the most consequence to a rational being, the attainment of happiness, or the attainment of truth?"

*State Lunatic Asylum.*—We have received the Report of the Commissioners appointed in the summer of 1837, to contract for the erection of the New-York State Lunatic Asylum.

The Commissioners report that in the autumn after their appointment they visited the various Prisons, Alms Houses, and establishments for the safe keeping of the insane in this State, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, Pennsylvania and Maryland. That on their return from their tour of inspection, they drew up a plan, combining, as they suppose, all the advantages possessed by any of the institutions which they visited, together with such improvements as were suggested by their own observations, or by the persons having those institutions in charge. These plans, upon their completion, were submitted to, and approved by the Governor, and notice was immediately thereafter given through the public papers, of the letting of contracts for the delivery of materials. On the consummation of the said contracts, at the opening of the spring, they addressed themselves to the vigorous prosecution of the work.

It is stated that all the foundations for the outer walls for the four buildings are now above ground, and that the half of one of the buildings, and about three fourths of another, are now ready to receive the second story. The Commissioners are of opinion that tney can, with profit to the State, during the coming season complete the basement and the next story of all the buildings, carrying up all the partition walls, with the joists and under-floor, to the third floor, inclusive, for which they will require an appropriation of at least $100,000.

The appropriations thus far have been $66,300, viz: by the State $60,000, and by the city of Utica $6,300. There have been expended, for 130 acres of land, $16,300; for other purposes $46,000—leaving a balance on hand of $4,000, which will probably be expended by the middle of February. The whole establishment will cost, it is estimated, $431,636.

From the specifications accompanying the Report we learn that the Asylum is to consist of four buildings of three stories and a basement each, the principal front to have the main building carried up an additional story; to be located at right angles to each other, facing outward, and to be connected at the angles by verandas of open lattice work, the whole enclosing an octagonal area—the whole intended for the accommodation of 1000 persons, including officers and attendants. [Commercial Advertiser.

*Gigantic Mastodon.*—The bones of this monster have been recently found near Bucyrus, in Crawford County, Ohio. This wonder of the western wildernesses ages ago can now be traced only by these gigantic relics, many portions of which have apparently undergone very little decay. The upper and lower jaw being nearly complete, you have at one view an idea of this mastodonic creature of ancient times. The upper jaw weighs 160 pounds, the under 77. "This skeleton," says a writer, describing it, "is particularly interesting and important to science, as the head and skull bones are perfect in all their parts, and furnish the only known specimen from which a correct idea can be obtained respecting the massive and singularly shaped head of this animal. Naturalists had long since despaired of ever procuring a specimen in which these organs were in a state of preservation. The one in the Philadelphia Museum is as perfect as any heretofore found, and it has no part of the head above the level of the zygomatic (cheek bone) arches. In that, as in all the individuals discovered, the top of the head was so far decayed and destroyed as to prevent the least idea being formed as to its figure or elevation. In this, the deficiencies existing in all those heretofore found are fortunately supplied." [Ohio paper.

*Maine Finances.*—The pecuniary affairs of the State of Maine do not appear to be in the most flourishing condition imaginable. The Treasurer reports the liabilities of the State at $705,728, while its resources are but $367 764, including securities in the land office amounting to $328,940, a large part of which is but of small value and very little of it available. The ordinary expenses of the ensuing year are estimated at $560,842, and the ordinary resources at $134,723! The Treasurer remarks, "The State debt ot the close of the ensuing year will be about 1,000,000, and should the bounty on wheat and corn be continued, it will probobly amount to $1,600,000, before any thing can be realized from a State tax, the interest on which, and the necessary expenditures of government, will require a tax of about $250,000 per annum, to prevent an increace of the debt."

Tue bounty on wheat and corn payable the present season, is estimated at over $125,000.

*Movement of Troops.*—One hundred troops left this city yesterday morning, under the command of Capt. Clary and Lieuts. H. W. Allen and H. Fowler, of the Fifth Infantry, for Detroit. They were conveyed in wagons, and are intended to augment the Second Artillery now stationed at Fort Gratiot.

Another detachment of 160 recruits arrived in this city on Friday last from New-York. They were under the command of Lieut. W. W. Chapman, and marched the entire distance—except from Albany to Utica—in a very short period. [Buffalo paper.

**The U. S. Branch Mint established at the Georgia gold region, has received gold bullion amounting in value to $140,000, since February last.**

*Commodore Porter* has published a letter in the Globe, in reference to certain articles which had appeared in that journal, in relation to his return to the service. He says that he has never untertained a wish to be restored to former rank in the Navy; that he has invariably rejected all overtures made to him to that effect, and shall always reject them, should they be renewed, 'for reasons well known to the Government, which it is unnecessary to repeat.'

*Awful.*—A dwelling house belonging to Thomas Paddock, of Newbury, Ohio, was burned down lately and *four of his children perished in the flames.*

The Alexandria Gazette states that Mr. Leggett of this city and formerly editor of the Evening Post, has been appointed Chief Clerk of the Navy department. [The Evening Post denies it.]

*Col. John M. White* is announced in the Florida papers as a candidate for Governor. Col. Downing, the present Member, is also announced for re-election.

*The Royal William* steam ship sailed at her appointed hour on Wednesday, on her return passage. She took out nineteen passengers. The packet ship Sheffield, also for Liverpool, sailed in company.

*Bank Note Conflagration.*—The Directors of the Brandon Bank (Miss.) have called in their notes to the amount of twelve hundred thousand dollars, and made a bonfire of them.

☞ The amount of tolls received at the canal collector's office at Utica, during the year 1838, was $62,657 23, being an increase on 1837 of $7,021 36.

"*Shakspere Revived.*"—Nay, start not, critical reader! The Swan of Avon has not winged his majestic flight to earth again, but has only become metaphorically alive once more, as the presiding divinity of Payne's. "And where is Payne's?" Not know where Payne's is?—We like that! Why, Payne's is the 'Shakspere revived.' "Indeed What is that?" It is—'scorn not the sonnet, reader,'—it is an eating-house. "Oh, base conclusion!" Go, then, and see. For neatness, sweetness and completeness; for lightness, brightness and politeness; for diet, quiet and no riot, "there's no place like Payne's." Try it.

Payne's is a resort that Charles Lamb would have 'cottoned to.' There's something old English in its appurtenances; it puts one in mind of the elder dramatists, there's such beauty in the profusion of its style. The wits of Queen Anne's time would have found it out, and held their clubs there. Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd, were they bodily here, would choose it for their 'Noctes,' as a delectable succedaneum for Ambrose's; and old Christopher would sing, as all good fellows should—

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE PAYNE'S."

AIR—'*Home, sweet Home.*'

In hotels or cellars, in broad streets or lanes,
Wherever I wander, there's no place like Payne's;
There's a charm in his punch, and a zest to his fare,
Which, seek through the town, you'll not meet with elsewhere.
Sweet, sweet Payne's—there's no place like Payne's! &c.

An exile from Payne's, dinners tempt me in vain;
Oh, give me his sherry and sparkling champagne!
The broiled quail, the partridge that came at my call;
And give me his mutton-chops, dearer than all!
Sweet, sweet Payne's—there's no place like Payne's! &c.

## Married,

On Sunday, 13th inst. Capt. J. D. Wilson to Josephine T. Lewis, both of this city.

Also, James Forten, jr. of Philadelphia, to Jane M. Vogelsang, of this city.

Also, John J. Bylandt to Sarah Hardman, both of this city.

On Wednesday, George J. W. Mabee to Margaret T. Nostrand, both of this city.

On the 8th inst. Benjamin F. Camp to Marietta, daughter of Wm. Smith, all of this city.

On the 10th inst. by Elder Isaac N. Walter, James Ryder to Jane Ann Hall.

## Died,

On Saturday, Thomas Worts, aged 49.

Also, Mary, wife of Isaac Geery, aged 26.

On Sunday, James Booth, jr. printer.

On Wednesday, Helena B. wife of George Guynet.

At Havana, 27th ult. Peter Bogert, of this city, aged 56.

At Hudson, 11th inst. Capt. Alexander Coffin, aged 99.

At Rhinebeck, on Sunday, Rev. Samuel Merwin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At Keene, N. H. Hon. James Wilson, senior, formerly a member of Congress from New Hampshire, aged 73.

A CARD—NATIONAL THEATRE.

CELESTE'S BENEFIT, and last appearance this season, in consequence of her engagements in New Orleans, Mobile, Natchez, &c. Box Book now open.

CELESTE respectfully informs her friends and the public, that her BENEFIT, and last appearance this season, is fixed on MONDAY, January 21st, 1839, when will be presented, by desire, first time these two years, the celebrated traditionary drama, entitled the

WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH,

by the author of St. Mary's Eve, Lucille, Mummy, Nervous Man, &c.

Hope Gough, the Puritan's daughter, } CELESTE.
Narramattah, the Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish, }

Originally performed by her at the Adelphi, London, one hundred successive nights, and afterwards in all the principal cities in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America, with unexampled success. For particulars see small bills.

In the course of the evening, THREE GRAND DANCES by M'lle. CELESTE.

The whole to conclude with, last time, (by general request) the new Grand Fairy Spectacle, entitled the SPIRIT OF AIR, with all its magnificent scenery, dresses, decorations, dances, marches, &c.

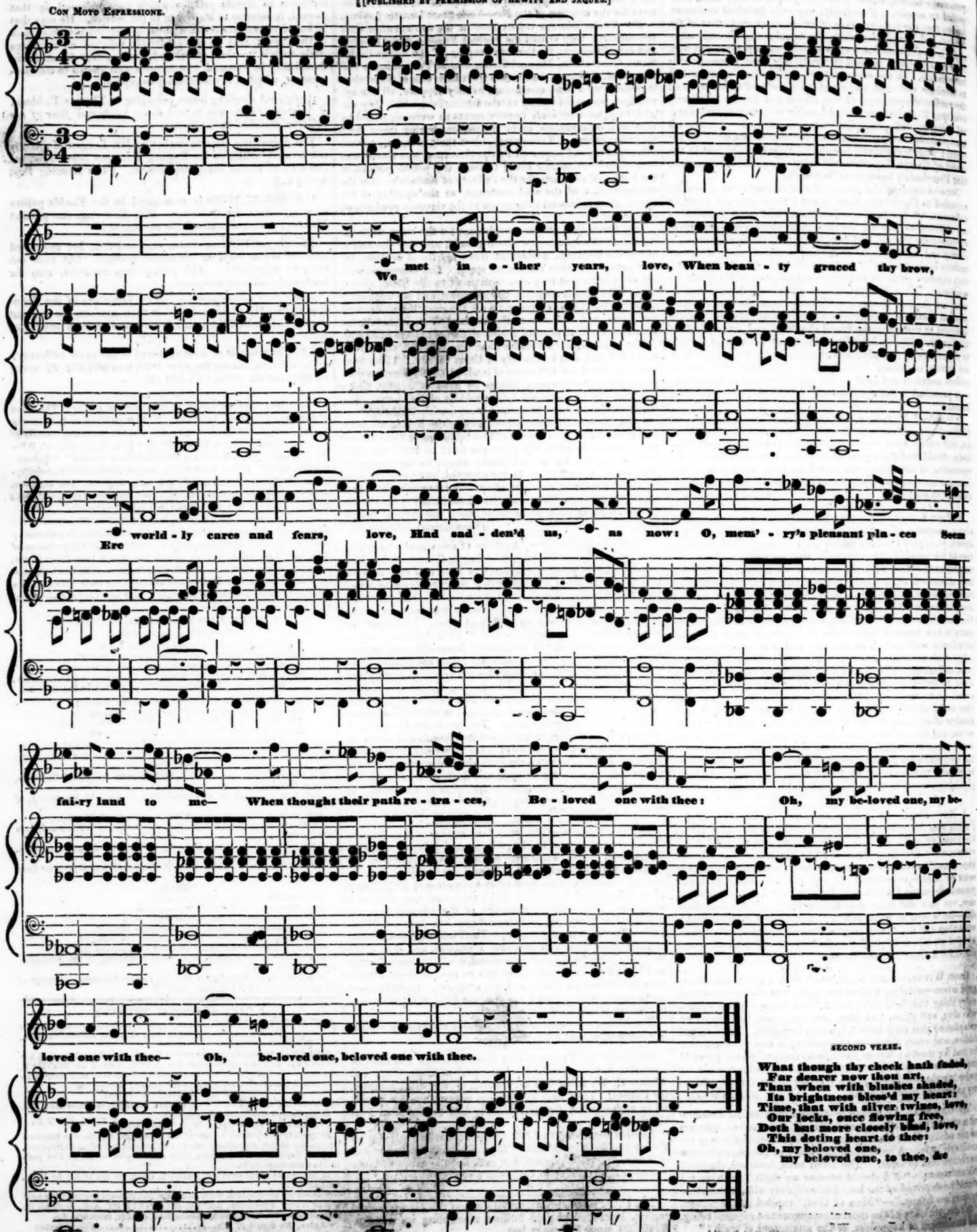
Agina, the Spirit of Air.....M'lle Celeste;

written expressely for her by the author of Valsha, All for Love, &c.

# WE MET IN OTHER YEARS, LOVE.

## THE POETRY BY "IONE"—THE MUSIC BY HENRY RUSSELL.

[PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF HEWITT AND JAQUES.]




SECOND VERSE.

What though thy cheek hath faded,
Far dearer now thou art,
Than when with blushes shaded,
Its brightness bless'd my heart:
Time, that with silver twines, love,
Our locks, once flowing free,
Doth but more closely bind, love,
This doting heart to thee:
Oh, my beloved one,
my beloved one, to thee, &c